CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

VOL. XXV. DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS. NO. 40.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1846. JOHN H. MORISON, EDITOR.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT NO. 1 1-2 WATER STREET.
(*Near Washington Street,*) *by*
DAVID REED.

☞ To whom all communications, as well as letters of business, should be addressed.

TERMS.—THREE DOLLARS, payable in six months, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, if paid in advance.

To individuals or companies who pay in advance for five copies, a sixth copy will be sent gratis.

No subscriptions discontinued, except at the discretion of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

AN EXAMINATION OF HUME'S ARGUMENT ON THE SUBJECT OF MIRACLES.

BY ALEXANDER H. LAWRENCE.

A very modest pamphlet of twenty pages, bearing this title, was published in Washington about eighteen months ago; and to our mind it is, we know not but we may say, the most complete and strictly philosophical confutation of Hume that we have seen. There is not a word said for effect,—no rhetoric, no display of logic, but a simple, direct, lawyer-like statement of the argument and its fallacies. We take pleasure in quoting a portion of it, for, we believe that Hume's argument in one form or another is the real secret of nearly all the skepticism, which does not come from a bad heart. If any one who doubts the possibility of proving a miracle should cast his eye here, we beg him not to throw this article aside after a hasty perusal, but to study it till he has made himself master of the subject. Let him throw aside his prejudices, and ask only "what is reasonable, what is true?" After having thus mastered the article let him continue to think of it, till his mind is familiar with it from this new point of view. We may have it demonstrated to us that our idea of the Geographical position of places is wrong; but till we have learned not only to find them on the map, but to call them before us rightly, our old error is not fairly removed. So old doubts on religious subjects are not cast out entirely when the reason is convinced; but we must habituate ourselves to the correct view, till it has become the easy and natural position of subjects with respect to us.

The following has been well stated to be the substance of Mr. Hume's reasoning:

"A miracle is a violation of the laws of nature. But we learn from experience that the laws of nature are never violated. Our only accounts of miracles depend upon testimony, and our belief in testimony itself depends upon experience. But experience shows that testimony is sometimes true and sometimes false; therefore, we have only a *variable* experience in favor of testimony. But we have an *uniform* experience in favor of the uninterrupted course of nature. Therefore, as on the side of miracles there is but a variable experience, and on the side of no miracles a uniform experience, it is clear that the lower degree of evidence must yield to the higher degree, and therefore no testimony can prove a miracle to be true."

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"Hume does not deny the *possibility* of miracles. His argument is not a metaphysical one, founded on the nature or essence of the thing considered, but is entirely a practical one, touching only the reasonableness of our *belief* in miracles. He no where attempts to prove that miracles *cannot* be, but that upon principles of reason we cannot *believe* them to be. Nor would it comport with his philosophical opinions to assert that miraculous events, or *any* events, *could not* occur, inasmuch, as he referred all our knowledge to experience; consequently, he could only *infer* from the past what would *probably*, not what would *certainly*, take place in the future. The most that Mr. Hume could say, respecting the possibility of miracles, would be, that as they never *had* happened, so they never could reasonably be expected to happen.

It is the want of a proper observance of this distinction between that which may reasonably be expected to be, and that which *must of necessity be*, which has led to considerable irrelevant reasoning in answer to a misconceived notion of Mr. Hume's meaning. His argument we understand to be entirely a practical one, touching only the reasonableness of our *belief* in miracles. It does not consist of, nor is it dependent on, the peculiar philosophical notions of its author, as developed in other works. If it did, we should have but little fear of it in its practical effects; for however plausible and ingenious as *speculations*, the ideal theories of Berkley and Hume, and the destruction of all connection between cause and effect, so strenuously maintained by the latter, when applied to our every day affairs, and our temporal or eternal interests, they can have but little influence. We do not much fear the theories of those who, to sustain themselves, must deprive us of those instinctive impressions, and those spontaneous operations of the mind, and those self-evident axioms, which are the foundation not only of all reasoning, but of all action.

But the great error in most of the reasoning in relation to miracles—both in that of Hume and of those who have replied to him—is, in overlooking the true nature of miracles, and attempting to reason on them in the same manner as on ordinary circumstances. They have been treated as facts which must have taken place through the agency of, or in accordance with, the laws of nature; or, in other words, the arguments seem to suppose NATURE to be the cause of their happening. And it is this *erroneous* view of miracles that Mr. Hume's reasoning overthrows, and none other. But it should be remembered, that miracles are *opposed* to the ordinary laws of nature, because if they were explicable upon any known laws, they would cease to be miracles. And to speak of the raising of the dead, the turning of water into wine, &c., as of the same kind of improbabilities as the exploits of Cæsar or Napoleon, is certainly a loose mode of reasoning.

But, as we have said, Mr. Hume argues that a miracle cannot be proved, because it is against those laws which experience has shown to be immutable—which means, that an event cannot be proved to have happened *by* the operations of nature, which is against all our *experience* of the operations of nature. Or, in other words, he does not take into view *any other agent* (as causing an event,) than nature, or any other "*modus operandi*" than the ordinary *course* of nature. But if we suppose an *independent* and *higher* power brought into exercise, which can even *set aside* the laws of nature, then all such reasoning falls to the ground, because we cannot circumscribe within any laws either the *acts*, or the *manner* of acting, of a being who is superior to, and independent of, *all laws*. For instance, if we were told that a rock had separated itself from the earth, and *by* the *force of gravitation* had raised itself in the air, we should disbelieve it, because it is against our uniform experience of the effects of gravitation, which draws heavy bodies to the earth. But if we had been told that the rock had been *hurled* into the air, by some extraordinary force, which for the time had counteracted the power of gravitation, we might readily believe it. And in this latter case we should not think of reasoning about the uniformity of the law of gravitation, and our want of any experience of a violation of the order of nature, &c., but we should at once perceive that a *force* had acted independently of the law, and had done something which the law itself would never have done. Just so with miracles. When we are told by Mr. Hume that we ought not to believe them because they are contrary to the laws of nature—we are told truly, *if it is meant that they are caused simply by the operations of nature*—but we are not told truly, if they are considered as the *acts of a power superior* to the laws of nature, and entirely independent of them.

In this view of the case, let us examine a little more particularly the argument of Mr. Hume. He says, a miracle is a violation of the laws of nature. But we learn from experience that the laws of nature *are never* violated, &c. Upon the truth of this position the whole of his argument depends, and the conclusion derived from it depends entirely on the truth of each part of the proposition. He asserts experience to prove that the laws of nature are never violated, and that experience proves human testimony to be often fallacious; so that we have an *uniform* experience opposed to a *variable* experience, and of course the latter should always give way to the former. The truth of this argument then, and the soundness of its conclusion, depend upon the *fact* that the laws of nature are never violated. If this proposition be not true, the conclusion is good for nothing. We assert then without fear of contradiction, and as a fact established by experience, that the laws of nature are often violated; nay more, that they are daily and hourly violated *in the same manner*, though not to the same extent, as they are violated in the case of miracles. When a stone is thrown into the air, the law of gravitation is violated. When a bird takes wing, the law of gravitation is violated. When two bodies in certain states of electricity, are brought near each other, they mutually repel, and the law of attraction is violated. And so in thousands of instances. Nor will it suffice to say, that these are not violations of the laws of nature because they are of frequent occurrence, and may be explained in a natural way; that the law does not *cease*, but is only *overcome for a time*. The law is violated for the time as much as a law can be violated. A different effect is produced, from what the law would produce. And it matters not whether the law is overcome by another law, or by an extraneous force, the result is the same, and the law is violated. The "*vis inertiæ*" may be called a law of matter; that is, it is a law of matter that it shall remain at rest unless put in motion by some superior force. A superior force may overcome that law. Now we would ask, wherein does this differ in principle from raising the dead. It is a law of our nature that when we are dead we remain at rest, have no power of motion, nothing of sensation, or of life. Yet *may* not this law be overcome by sovereign power, in the same way that "*vis inertiæ*" of matter is overcome by human force? If the question were, whether the dead were ever raised into life by the *ordinary operations of the laws of nature*, uniform experience of the operation of those laws would lead us to a denial of the fact. But such an inference is not contended for. What we contend for is this, that it is unphilosophical and wrong to adduce the acknowledged uniformity of the operations of nature, *when uncontrolled*, in opposition to positive testimony in favor of different results where nature is *not* uncontrolled. We *know* that effects are every day produced, different from what would have been produced, by the *uninterrupted* course of nature.

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There is another of Mr. Hume's propositions essential to the establisement of his doctrines which we also think incorrect, viz: "That our belief in human testimony depends upon experience." * * * Mr. Hume treats the "laws of nature" as a whole, and in this case very properly, because his proposition is as true of each and every, as of any or all the laws of nature. He also treats human testimony as a whole, in the aggregate, without reference to its parts or qualifications. He says, "our experience is *against* the infallibility of testimony," meaning testimony as a whole. Now we say that experience is not against *all* testimony, because our experience is in favor of much, perhaps *most* testimony. All that can be said is, that human testimony is not always found to be true. Hume would have the exceptionable vitiate the unexceptionable. Taking the character of all testimony from the character of one class or species, and stamping testimony as a whole as therefore doubtful, he concludes that all the testimony in the world would not be sufficient to establish the truth of a miracle. Now we would observe, that testimony derives its character mainly from the character of the individuals from whom it comes, and the circumstances under which it is given. Our experience is in favor of the testimony of some men and against that of others. There are some men whom we have never known to tell a lie, and others whom we have scarcely ever known to speak the truth. We almost instinctively trust the one and distrust the other. But to bring into one mass all human testimony and brand it as unreliable, because a part is uniformly bad, and only a part uniformly good, is very much like saying that this world is in physical darkness because it is not uniformly clothed in light.

Our senses sometimes deceive us; and the reasoning of Mr. Hume is just as strong, therefore, against the evidence of our senses as against human testimony, both taken as a whole, yet, there are some circumstances in which the evidences of our senses must be considered as *absolutely certain*.

But it may be said, admit the truth of all this, admit that experience is in favor of some testimony and against other, still *may* not those who have never yet deceived us *possibly* deceive us hereafter? Is there an absolute *certainty* that those who have never yet deceived us, never will deceive us? If a man of unimpeached veracity should tell you that he had lately seen a brook, which had from time immemorial run down a hill, without any known or perceptible cause run *up* the hill, would you be as certain from that man's testimony that the brook *did* flow up the hill, as you would be from your experience of the laws of gravitation that it did not flow up hill? These questions we think present the doctrine in its fairest and strongest light, and we wish to answer them fairly, and at the same time to make known the ground on which we stand. We answer, then, that a man who has never yet deceived us, *may* nevertheless deceive us. The laws of human conduct are not as open to the view as the laws of physical nature; and in the case of the brook just mentioned, if required to believe the statement without any other circumstance than the bare word of the informant, we should hardly feel convinced of the fact. But our doubts in such case arise from what we suppose the *possibility* of variance in the one case, and the impossibility of variance in the other. Testimony depends entirely upon the will or choice of the witness, which circumstances may vary. But the laws of nature can only be changed by the will of Him who ordained them, "in whom there is no variableness neither shadow of turning." The presumptions are strongly against any deviation from the ordinary operations of the laws of nature. *Experience* would lead us to *expect* the same results that had hitherto been witnessed to continue, but it could probably go no further. No one would be so bold as to say that the Almighty *could* not for a time change the laws of his own establishing, or that he *might* not by possibility see sufficient occasion for so doing. Experience, in this view of the case, is not a proper guide to the truth, for it only makes known what may be fairly *anticipated*, but not what *must* of necessity actually happen. But of this hereafter: we wish at present only to say, that evidence itself (as shown by Mr. Starkie) admits of various degrees; it is strengthened by concurrence of testimony; it is still further strengthened by concurrence of circumstances; and it is possible that there should be such a concurrence of testimony and circumstances as to render the falsity of the evidence as improbable, nay, as *impossible*, as the facts which it asserts. Nay further, there may be circumstances in which the violation of a law of nature shall be a more probable event (even judging by *experience* in its proper sense) than that the evidence and the circumstances brought to support it, should be untrue. For example, if on the 8th March I started for New York to take passage for Europe, and just before leaving W., a man whom I had never known to deviate from the truth, told me that at 12 o'clock in the night previous, in the midst of total darkness, the sun appeared in meridian brightness at the zenith for one hour, and had then suddenly disappeared, I should probably think that he had seen a meteor, or had been dreaming, or that he wished to frighten me, or that he was telling a lie; but I should hardly believe that the sun had been seen by him at the time and in the manner described. If the man seemed terrified, I should suppose that at least *he* believed what he was telling, but I should still attribute it to delusion. But if I heard others talking of the same event, and saying that they had seen it, I could not doubt that some remarkable luminary had thus appeared, but could not believe it to be the sun. If on arriving at New York, the same thing were talked of and believed, all agreeing that it was the sun, that the light and heat were those of the sun, I should be still more staggered. I set sail immediately for Europe, and ours is the first vessel that arrives after the 8th March from the United States. On our arrival, the first topic of inquiry is, whether the sun was seen at midnight on the American side of the Atlantic. Persons assert on all hands that at the precise hour it was seen in Europe. On looking at the newspapers of the 9th, I find full accounts of the phenomenon, and all agreeing that the object seen was the sun. Now I ask, *could* I doubt this concurrence of evidence? If so, on what principle could I doubt it? Mr. Hume tells us that it is against our experience of the uniformity of the laws of nature. But is it not equally against our experience to find *such* evidence as this false? But Mr. Hume would say, perhaps the witnesses may not be false, it is still probable that they were deceived. To this we reply, that they could not be deceived as to the reality of some remarkable phenomenon, but only as to the fact of its being actually the sun. Well now suppose, further, the evidences of the truth of the New Testament to be just as they now are, and suppose there were contained therein certain prophecies that the Messiah should again appear on the earth about this time; that there should be certain signs and wonders in the Heavens and on the earth, just preceding his appearance, among which prophecies should be contained one, that the sun should appear at midnight and shine with its usual splendor, and that other of the predicted signs and wonders had absolutely taken place, would not this place the evidence that we have before spoken of in a state of absolute unassailability?

ATONEMENT.

What follows is from a paper read before the Congregational Calvinistic church in Southington, Conn. by Charles E. Munn.

"But it is strenuously maintained, that divine justice forbids the pardon of the penitent, unless some being suffers all the penalty due the criminal. Let us first inquire what we mean by justice. Now by the word justice as applied to God, we either mean some attribute of which we have no knowledge, or else we mean the same attribute, which we denominate *justice* between man and man. If the former, then whatever we affirm or deny with regard to divine justice, is mere haphazard assertion and one assertion is as good as another. But to my mind, nothing is more certain than this—that when God reveals himself to mankind as merciful, and holy, and just, he means that he is possessed of those attributes which all men designate, and which good men cherish and practice, as mercy, holiness and justice. If this is what is meant, and I think no one will doubt it, let me put the question to your hearts and consciences. Is it unjust to forgive the wrong-doer when he repents? If my neighbor has done me a very great injury, and now repents of it, is it unjust for me to forgive him, unless some one else, that is innocent, comes forward, and bears the full amount of blame and suffers the penalty?—In forgiving my penitent neighbor without a vicarious atonement, I wrong no one, I give him what I take from no one else—for mercy grows by exercise, I only give him what I owe him as a fellow-being. Again, if your little child has been disobedient, and is now sorry for his fault, do you regard it as unjust and unsafe to forgive him, unless some innocent brother, that never has disobeyed his parent, comes forward and says, father, chastise and punish me for my brother's fault, and then you can forgive him and maintain the honor and dignity of your law; would any kind father take such a course, or expect such an atonement? Certainly not. No more is God unjust in extending free, unpurchased mercy to his penitent child. True justice is the perfection of goodness. It is a goodness which does no wrong, which is impartial, and not a respecter of persons, which renders to all their due. Now God is said to be our father, in a much more intimate sense than an earthly parent. The justice of a father is firm, discreet, impartial, yet munificent affection.

"What title to the character of a just man could be claimed, think you, by that human father, who turned a deaf ear to the sincere penitence of his erring son, and replied to him as the son approached with tears of penitence, begging forgiveness: 'No my son, I cannot forgive you without a vicarious atonement. My law has been broken by you, I cannot forgive you on repentance without declaring that my law is unjust.' Die you, or justice must.' Who would not think that father more worthy the name of a fiend than a parent. To be sure the son could base no claim upon past merits; but the father would owe it to his own nature, to the spontaneous impulses of a paternal heart, to forgive him. He would do himself the most outrageous injustice by persevering in anger and in vindictive measures. Thus is it also with our father in heaven. Though his erring children can build no claim on the ground of past merit or obedience, he yet owes it to himself to forgive them. Were he to despise the sighing of the contrite, and the desire of the penitent, he would withhold from men that, which though they could not claim it on the score of merit, is their rightful due as his creatures and his children. I maintain, then, that the forgiveness of the sincere penitent is an essential part of the divine justice. As such it is represented by the sacred writer. What could be more explicit on this point than St. John's declaration: 'If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins; God is kind to the unthankful and evil.' But where, let me ask, is there any forgiveness where an innocent being suffers all the penalty due to the criminal? If you owe me a sum of money, and your neighbor pays it to me in your stead, is there any remission of the debt on my part? If you injure me, and I punish your son or brother in your stead the full amount due you, I exercise no forgiveness.—Vicarious punishment is not pardon. But the two are at opposite poles of the moral universe."

Jeremy Taylor has said that he who attempts to prevent variety of opinions, is "like him who claps his shoulder to the ground to prevent an earthquake."

JOHN FOSTER.

[Continued from last week.]

"On Foster's return to Stapleton he wrote immediately to Mr Hill, with whom his friendship had acquired a deeper and melancholy interest, from the striking coincidence in their domestic trials. 'I have returned *hither*,' he says, 'but have an utter repugnance to say returned *home*—that name is applicable no longer. You may be sure I am grateful for your kind sympathy and suggestions of consolation; not the less so for its being too true, that there is a weight on the heart which the most friendly human hand cannot remove. The melancholy fact is, that my beloved, inestimable companion, has left me. It comes upon me—in evidence, how varied and sad! and yet, for a moment, sometimes, I feel as if I could not realize it is true. There is something that seems to say, *Can* it be that I shall see her no more—that I shall still, one day after another, find she is not here, that her affectionate voice and look will never accost me; the kind grasp of her hand never more be felt; that when I would be glad to consult her, make an observation to her, address to her some expression of love, call her "my dear wife," as I have done so many thousand times; it will be in vain—she is not here! Several times, a considerable number—even since I followed her to the tomb, a momentary suggestion of thought has been, as one and another circumstance has occurred, "I will tell Maria of this." Even this very day, when I parted with Dr. Stetson, who, out of pure kindness, accompanied me a long stage on the road, there was actually, for a transient instant, a lapse of mind into the idea of telling her how kind he had been. I have not suffered, nor expect to feel any overwhelming emotions, any violent excesses of grief; what I expect to feel is, a long repetition of pensive mentions of my irreparable loss; that the painful truth will speak itself to me again, and still again, in long succession; often in solitary reflection, (in which I feel the most,) and often as objects come in my sight, or circumstances arise, which have some association with her who is gone. The things which belonged to her with a personal appropriation; things which she used or particularly valued; things which she had given me, or I had given her; her letters or my own to her; the corner of the chamber where I know she used to pray; her absence—unalterable absence at the hour of family worship, of social reading, of the domestic table; her no more being in her place to receive me on my return home from occasional absence; the thought of what she would have said, or how she would have acted, on subjects or occasions that come in question; the remembrance how she did speak or act in similar instances—all such things as these will renew the pensive emotions, and tell me still again what I have lost—what that was, and how great its value, which the sovereign Disposer has in his unerring wisdom, taken away. Yes; it is *He* that has taken away what it was *He* that gave me, and what was so dear and valuable to me; and I would not, I think I do not, rebel against his dispeasation; I would not even repine or complain beyond that degree which he will regard with a merciful compassion. I should, and would be, thankful for having been indulged with the possession so long. Certainly, neither of us would, if such an exception *might* be made to an eternal law, recall our dear departed companions from their possession of that triumph over sin, and sorrow, and death, to which they have been exalted. However great our deprivation, how transcendently greater is their advancement in the condition of existence! And we should be unworthy to be loved by them still, as I trust that even at this very hour, we are, if we could for a moment entertain such a wish.'"—Vol. ii. p. 209.

The ruling idea in Foster's mind, as a religious man—the centre towards which his thoughts reverted, was the condition of the soul immediately on its quitting the body. Religious men, of a thoughtful turn, and of a higher and more elastic animal temperament, look onward to that bright immortality wherein, and under happier auspices, the spirit incarnate is to set forward anew upon the high way of action, acquisition, service. Foster's meditative wing faltered as if in front of the precipitous bulwarks of Paradise—not daring to soar toward the empyreal noon. We read this sort of feeling always when his imagination would go forward toward eternity, in such passages as the following:—

"*Any* view of eternity is overwhelming to thought, but peculiarly to the thought that we, that this very soul shall exist forever. Sometimes, even apart from the idea of retribution, it seems almost fearful. 'How can I sustain an endless existence? How can I prolong sentiment and action forever and ever? What may or can become of me in so stupendous a predicament?—What an accusation of miracles to preserve my faculties, my being, from becoming extinct!'—How can there be an undecaying, ever new, and fresh vitality and animation, to go powerfully along with an infinite series of objects, changes, excitements, activities!"—Vol. ii. p. 376.

But although melancholic enough in temperament, he was far too much the intellectualist, and too devout, in a scriptural sense, to stop short at the *grave*: he was no moping frequenter of church yards; he did not haunt charnel houses; he did not gather wise saws from the sexton's lip. The strong tendency of his mind toward *actuality* led him to lay hold of that which was the *nearest*,—that condition of the soul which those who had recently left him, and who were vividly present to his feelings, had *now* undergone. The state of the dead was his recurrent theme—the home of his meditations, from the first to the last as when, in prospect of his own dissolution, believed to be not very remote, and on hearing of the death of a friend, he exclaimed:—"They don't come to tell us," (the secrets of the invisible world,) and then, after a short silence, emphatically striking his hand upon the table, he added, with a look of intense seriousness, "But we shall know *some time*."

Very many passages might be cited from these volumes, bearing upon this one subject, and in which, with not much variety of thought, the one feeling of baffled and astounded curiosity is expressed. A letter also, or essay, "On the Intermediate State," expounds the same feeling, and serves rather to state forcibly the supposed difficulty connected with our utter ignorance of the world of souls, than to throw light upon the general subject, considered as an article of Christian belief.

The death of his wife—not his wife merely, but his soul's companion and intimate, naturally gave a deep intensity to his customary meditations on this ground.

"Can it be—how is it—what is it—that we are now not inhabitants of the same world—that each has to think of the other as in a perfectly different economy of existence! Whither is she gone—in what manner does she consciously realize to herself the astonishing change—how does she look at herself as no longer inhabiting a mortal tabernacle—in what manner does she recollect her state as only a few weeks since—in what manner does she think and feel, and act, and communicate with other spiritual beings—what manner of vision has she of God and the Saviour of the world—how does she estimate the course of discipline through which she had been prepared for the happy state where she finds herself—in what manner does she look back on *death*, which she so recently passed through—and does she plainly *understand* the nature of a phenomenon so awfully mysterious to the view of the mortals! How does she remember and feel respecting *us*, respecting *me*! Is she associated with the spirits of her departed son, and two children who died in infancy! Does she indulge with delight a confident anticipation that we shall after a while, be added to her society! If she should think of it as, with respect to some of us, many years, possibly, before such an event, does that appear a *long* time in prospect, or has she begun to account of duration according to the great laws of eternity! Earnest imaginings and questionings like these arise without end; and still, still, there is no answer, no revelation.—The mind comes again and again close up to the thick black veil; but there is no perforation, no glimpse. She that loved me, and I trust loves me still, will not, cannot, must not answer me. I can only imagine her to say, 'Come and see; serve our God so that you shall come and share, at no distant time."—Vol. ii., p. 230.

"The deep interest of the subject has led me to think more, and to read a little more, concerning that mysterious *hades*. How strange that Revelation itself has kept it so completely veiled. Many things in that economy probably could not be made intelligible to us in this our gossly material condition; but there are many questions which could be distinctly and intelligibly answered. How striking to consider that those who were so *lately* with us, asking these questions in vain, have now the perfect experimental knowledge. I can imagine the very look with which my departed Maria would sometimes talk or muse on this subject. The mystery, the frustration of our inquisitiveness, was equal to us both. What a stupendous difference *now!* And in her present grand advantage she knows with what augmented interest of solemn and affectionate inquisitiveness my thoughts will be still directed, and in vain, to the subject. But she knows why it is proper that I should for a while continue still in the dark—should share no part of her new and marvelous revelation."—Vol. ii., p. 238.

A very remarkable letter, addressed to his friend Hughes, of whose nearly approaching end he had been informed, contains the following passages:—

"But oh! my dear friend, whither is it you are going? Where is it that you will be in a few short weeks or days hence? I have affecting cause to think and wonder concerning that unseen world; to desire, were it permitted to mortals, one glimpse of that mysterious economy, to ask innumerable questions to which there is no answer—what is the manner of existence—of employment—of society—of remembrance—of anticipation of all surrounding revelations to our departed friends! How striking to think, that *she* so long and so recently with me here, so beloved, but now so totally withdrawn and absent, that she experimentally knows all that I am in vain inquiring!

"And a little while hence, you, my friend, will be an object of the same solemn meditations and wondering inquiries. It is most striking to consider—to realize the idea that *you*, to whom I am addressing these lines, who continue yet among mortals, who are on this side of the awful and mysterious veil—that you will be in the midst of these grand realities, beholding the marvellous manifestation, amazed and transported at your new and happy condition of existence, while your friends are feeling the pensiveness of your final absence, and thinking how, but just now, as it were, you were with them."—Vol. ii., p. 241.

"It does always appear to me very unaccountable (among, indeed, so many other inexplicable things,) that the state of the soul after death, should be so completely veiled from our serious inquisitiveness. That in some sense it is proper that it should be so, need not be said. But is not the sense in which it is so, the *same* sense in which it is proper there should be *punitive* circumstances, privations, and inflictions, in this our sinful state! For one knows not how to believe, that *some* revelation of that next stage of our existence would not be more influential to a right procedure in this first, than such an *absolute unknown*. It is true, that a profound darkness, which we know we are destined ere long to enter, and soon find ourselves in amazing light, is a striking object of contemplation. But the mind still again and again, falls back from it, disappointed and uninstructed, for want of some defined forms of reality to seize, retain, and permanently occupy it. In default of revelation, we have to frame our conjectures on some principle of analogy which is itself *arbitrary*, and without any means of bringing it to the test of reason.

"* * * * It is a subject profoundly interesting to myself; my own advance into the evening of life is enough to make it so; and then the recent events! You have your own special remembrances, though, as to the several objects, going to a considerable time back, I have one most interesting *recent* object: and there are—were—*Hall, Anderson, Hughes*: where and what are they now? at this very instant how existing, how employed?"—Vol. ii., p. 248.

To the allied subjects—that is to say to subjects that are allied, either by some real connexion existing between them, or by the homogeneity of the feelings they excite—there are very frequent allusions in Foster's letters. In truth, a sort of monotonous pensiveness—the mood into which one unconsciously fails while listening to the continuous tolling of the funeral bell—coming across a silent valley, in a summer's evening, prevails throughout. The brevity of life; the decay of the body; (and Foster begins to call himself an old man as early as possible, and a broken man while he was apparently in firm health;) the death of friends; the shifting of all earthly interests; the solemnities of the future life—these are the staple of his letters varied by references, more or less formal, to the sad condition of the moral world—the hopelessness of any remedial means—and to those weighty and insoluble problems which have ever been the burden of reflecting spirits, relating to the position and the destinies of the human family, and its relationship to the justice, the wisdom, the power, the goodness of God. Politics also, and literature, take their turns; nevertheless to whatever topics he may divert, in his converse with his friends, or when writing for the press, *these* were his own themes; these the constitutional material of his thoughts: and he himself, with his high and overwrought sensibility—his rich, vivid, and awe-struck imagination—his melancholic animal temperament—and his deep and reverential piety, might, better than any one else, who has become known to the world in modern times, be taken and regarded as a type of the MEDITATIVE SPIRIT. His mind was so fashioned as to fit it for reflecting, in portentous outline and lurid color, the lot and fate of man, as severed from the favor of his Maker, and yet as not released from his eternal obligations to sovereign justice.

"John Foster, such as he appears in these volumes, lay prostrate and helpless amid the desolations of the moral universe; he clung to his belief as a Christian; yet, in doing so, he held fast also to a very dark despondency. But minds more elastic than his, and less profound too, will leap up from the same slough, leaving behind them as well their despondency as their belief. They will go away lightened, just as a ship is lightened, which, in a gale of wind, has thrown overboard, not its ballast only, but its stores of food and water: the vessel dances now over the billows—and will dance—until the crew has perished! Foster's mood of mind exhibits in a marked manner, what the last fifty years have been doing for us, under the light—light rather than warmth—of a purified Christianity. It is not that tendency to unrestrained speculation and skepticism which is said to attach to Protestantism, and which has had its course in Germany, that we are now speaking of; but it is a silent influence over the imagination, and over the moral sentiments of a cultured people, which springs from the wide diffusion of the Gospel itself; we mean the Gospel *freed from corruptions, but bereft of power*.

We are, however, accosted—and perhaps angrily—by the question, "What then! Do you intend to say that truth, purely enounced, can operate to bring about its own rejection!" Yes, we are bold to affirm, that it does so, if it be not ministered in the plenitude of its forces: it *is* doing so *now*, to an extent little thought of; and it will go on doing so, unless those renovations of the spiritual life come in, which might lodge Christianity far more firmly, than at present, in the minds of men.

Take a sample of quotations from Foster's letters, such as should fairly represent his habitual views, his ordinary state of mind, and the deep gloom that oppressed him through the greater part of his course. It may be well to strengthen our argument by a passage or two;—five times as much might be cited.

"I hope, indeed may assume, that you are of a cheerful temperament; but are you not sometimes invaded by the darkest visions and reflexions, while casting your view over the scene of human existence, from the beginning to this hour? To me it appears a most mysteriously awful economy, overspread by a lurid and dreadful shade. I pray for the piety to maintain a humble submission of thought and feeling to the Wise and Righteous Disposer of all existence. But to see a nature created in purity, qualified for perfect and endless felicity, but ruined, at the very origin, by a disaster devolving fatally on all the race—to see it in an early age of the world estranged from truth, from the love and fear of its Creator, from that, therefore, without which existence is a thing to be deplored—abandoned to all evil, till swept away by a deluge—the renovated race revolting into idolatry and iniquity, and spreading downward through ages in darkness, wickedness, and misery;—no divine dispensation to enlighten and reclaim it, except for one small section, and that itself a no less flagrant proof of the desperate corruption of the nature;—the ultimate, grand remedial visitation, Christianity, laboring in a difficul progress and very limited extension, and soon perverted from its purpose into darkness and superstition for a period of a thousand years—at the present hour known, and even nominally acknowledged, by very greatly the minority of the race, the mighty mass remaining prostrate under the infernal dominion of which countless generations of their ancestors have been the slaves and victims—a deplorable majority of the people in the Christian nations strangers to the vital power of Christianity, and a large proportion directly hostile to it; and even the institutions pretended to be for its support and promotion, being baneful to its virtue—its progress in the work of conversion, in even the most favored part of the world, *distanced* by the progressive increase of the population; so that even there, (but to a fearful extent if we take the world at large,) the disproportion of the faithful to the irreligious is constantly increasing;—the sum of all these melancholy facts being, that thousands of millions have passed and thousands every day are passing, out of the world, in no state of fitness for a pure and happy state elsewhere. Oh, it is a most confounding and appalling contemplation!"—Vol. ii., p. 444.

Upon passages such as the foregoing we should remark, *first*, that it is a style of speaking which although not often *heard*, is truly characteristic of—it is symptomatic of—this present era. It is not the style of any *past* era. We could adduce striking illustrations of the fact, by citing what should be parallel passages, from the writers of successive ages. To go no further back, Foster's language is not that of the sober non-conformists whom he would have called his ecclesiastical predecessors and fathers. It was in a light essentially differing from this, that Baxter was accustomed to look upon the very same objects. And, assuredly, the robust disputants of the the Westminster Assembly were not soul-troubled in any such manner! Theologically, as well as logically, and to their own entire ease of mind and "comfort," they dealt with, and finally determined questions, the mere thought of which broke Foster's heart! Had he, with his mournful strains, come in *their* way, they would have regarded him as little better than a blasphemer; and it is a doubt if even his hatred of prelacy would have been held good for "bailing" his ears. No, in their time the recovered Christianity of Luther's period had not, in any such manner, purified the moral or the intellectual atmosphere, as is implied in breathings, and in sighs, such as those of Foster's correspondence with his friends. Two hundred years ago the great truths of the Gospel beat strong in the trunk arteries; but had not sent fine feelings and a fine complexion to the surface of man's moral nature. All modes of thinking were barbaric, and the modes of feeling were such as might allow good men, with an easy conscience, to burn one another; and such as strenghened them to endure their hour when their own time came to be burned. The conventional ideas of the divine government had been compacted out of men's recollections of the ways of the Holy Office, and their experience of Star Chamber mercy. They read Scripture by a Smithfield light, and were not appalled at that which we read with heart-stricken discomfort. The very same things which stagger our belief in Christianity, strengthened theirs.

But we have a *second* remark to make upon the passages we have just now cited, and it is this, namely:—That as the appearance of sentiments such as these is characteristic of the times, and is an indication of what is going on around us—occultly perhaps—so, the diffusion of these modes of feeling, through the religious community, ought at once to be met, on the part of whoever is competent to the task, in a wise and effectual manner.

There are those who will say—Leave this sort of melancholy and unprofitable moodiness to itself; it will never spread; it will never affect more than a few minds, of morbid structure similar to Foster's. This is, we think, an inconsiderate conclusion, and it is one which will be accepted only by those are living in too great a bustle to find leisure for *thinking*, and who, accustomed to look down, from pulpits and platforms, upon areas filled with faces, surmise little or nothing of what is going on in the secresy of bosoms. It is quite true that you may find means for discouraging and for dissipating melancholy modes of thinking; but, if you wholly succeed in doing so, you bring a community that once was deep-feeling into the frivolous shallows of literary, scientific, and sensuous impiety. What is the gain of this process to religion! Look at the general condition of society in France!—Nothing can be more perilous than the attempt to turn off religious meditation from its path, by means that are not of homogeneous quality.

The further spread of Christianity is not merely devoutly desired by Christians, but is looked for as a probable event. We ought, however, to remember that it *may* spread—it may continue to spread in the way in which, of late years, it has—superficially, but not deeply;—that is to say, everywhere raising the tone of moral sentiment—purifying the domestic atmosphere—removing from view, throughout Christian countries, whatever is morally offensive—cherishing and promoting benificent enterprizes—and, in a word, diffusing, on all sides, a vital sensitiveness, and bringing all minds into a habit of *benevolent reflectiveness*. It may do all this—and it may do it to an extent of which we cannot now calculate the consequences—and yet, as at present, it may be making little or no progress as a deep spiritual power, evolving mighty counteractive influences within the bosoms of men *individually*.

What, then, ought we to anticipate as the inevitable consequence? The consequence, infallible, irresistible, is—and we ask that the import of our words may be seriously considered—the result of the expected and desired diffusion of Christianity, in highly civilized countries, *under its present aspect* of a mild, purifying, but powerless influence, is an antagonist reaction from Christianized sensibilities, upon Christianity itself, and which must bring about, unless the course of things be early arrested, the substitution silently of a Christianized Pantheism."

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"A word is yet due to John Foster's memory—deserving as it is, of tenderness and reverential affection; and something should be said too, relative to that feature of this signal case which has given occasion to the preceding suggestions. In some of the passages we have cited, and in several we have not cited, every reader, whose mind is governed by religious awe and pious affections, will be tempted to draw back; he will tremble as if some one were inciting, or dragging him on, to look over the brim of a volcanic crater! Enough, enough! he will say—let us descend again to the tranquil levels of the Christian life! A feeling is generated as if these sombre and daring meditations must, at the next term, lead to blasphemy; as if there were but a thin partition between John Foster, and Shelley, or Byron. Foster's genuine piety, his deep and unfeigned humility, held him always off from taking that next step, beyond which lie the regions of atheism and despair! But it is impossible to watch the development of these ominous feelings, and to observe their parallelism with another class of feelings of similar aspect, without being convinced that a casual connection ran on from the one to the other.

Foster's prime years of manhood were contemporaneous (as we have already observed) with those dire events which turned many of the best formed brains in Europe. His intellectual and moral temperament was ill-fitted to resist those maddening influences; his early habits, his religious connections, his position in society, everything about him lent its aid to carry him forward in the one direction of democratic enthusiasm, and to breathe into his soul the frenzy of political and ecclesiastical demolition. "Overturn—overturn—overturn"—these were the notes ringing in his ears, day and night. But the course of events, at home and abroad, soon brought in upon such minds, and upon his, a crushing disappointment! Foster lived to see even his latest hope disappointed—that of the happy revolutions which were to ensue upon parliamentary reform!

"Unfortunately for me," he says, "from a temperament somewhat sanguine and ardent in youth, I am dried and cooled down to that of old age. The course of the world's events since that "season of prime," has been a grievous disappointment. No one who is not toward twice your age can have any adequate conception of the commotion there was in susceptible and inflammable spirits. The proclamation went forth, "overturn, overturn, overturn," and there seemed to be a responsive earthquake in the nations. The vain, short-sighted seers of us had all our enthusiasm ready to receive the magnificent changes; the downfall of *all* old and corrupt institutions—the explosion of prejudices,—the demolition of the strongholds of ignorance, superstition, and spiritual, with all other, despotism—man on the point of being set free for a noble career of knowledge, liberty, philanthropy, virtue—and all that, and all that. A most shallow judgment, a pitiable ignorance of the nature of man, was betrayed in these elated presumptions. But they so possessed themselves of the mind as to prepare it to feel a bitterness of disappointment as time went on, through

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 3, 1846.

NON-RESISTANCE—THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

There is undoubtedly a power in the exercise of Christian kindness, which has never yet been fully tested by what are called Christian people. We have not faith in the elevated principles of our religion, and therefore cannot apply them to practice. Mr Ballou, in his work on Non-Resistance, has endeavored to give a philosophical definition of the doctrine with its proper limitations. Whether he has succeeded in this we have not yet been able to satisfy ourselves, nor are we quite sure that he rightly apprehends what was the meaning of Jesus when he said, "Resist not evil." We hope to examine the subject as well as the book more critically hereafter. We have no doubt however now, that Mr Ballou's book, taking into account the clearness with which its principles are laid down and the spirit which pervades it, is the most valuable work that has yet appeared among us on the subject.

In 1842 a little book entitled the Law of Kindness was published by Rev. G. W. Montgomery. A stereotype edition came out in 1844. It does not undertake to lay down principles, nor does it lay any claim to critical or philosophical precision. It is made up very much of anecdotes illustrating the power of Christian kindness. Some of these illustrations are veritable facts, others borrowed from Fiction. They make altogether a very interesting book, and he must be differently constituted from us who can rise from the perusal of it without a lively conviction of the almost immeasurable power of kinkness! It does not change our philosophical opinions. We are not ready to pass unqualified condemnation on that which the all-wise Creator has made to be so important a part of our nature as *anger*, and the kindred emotions. But it does make us feel how much more beautiful, and, in almost every case, how much stronger is the law of love.

We subjoin a few extracts, heartily commending the book itself, though, where a choice is to be made between the two, we should give the preference to Mr Ballou's.

"The wonderfully successful friend of criminals, Captain Pillsbury, of the Wethersfield prison, has worked on this principle, and owes his success to it. His moral power over the guilty is so remarkable, that prison-breakers who can be confined no where else, are sent to him to be charmed into staying their term out. I was told of his treatment of two such. One was a gigantic personage, the terror of the country, who had plunged deeper and deeper in crime for seventeen years. Captain Pillsbury told him, when he came, that he hoped he would not repeat the attempts to escape which he had made elsewhere. 'It will be best,' said he 'that you and I should treat each other as well as we can. I wi'l make you as comfortable as I possibly can, and shall be anxious to be your friend; and I hope you will not get me into any difficulty on your account. There is a cell intended for solitary confinement, but we have never used it, and I should be sorry ever to have to turn the key upon anybody in it. You may range the place as freely as I do, if you will trust me as I shall trust you.' The man was sulky, and for weeks showed only very gradual symptoms of softening under the operation of Captain Pillsbury's cheerful confidence. At length, information was given to the Captain of this man's intention to break prison. The Capt. called him, and taxed him with it; the man preserved a gloomy silence. He was told that it was now necessary for him to be locked up in the solitary cell, and desired to follow the Capt. who went first, carrying a lamp in one hand and the key in the other. In the narrowest part of the passage, the captain (who is a small, slight man,) turned round and looked in the face of the stout criminal. 'Now,' said he, 'I ask you whether you have treated me as I deserved? I have done everything I could think of to make you comfortable; I have trusted you, and you have never given me the least confidence in return, and have even planned to get me into difficulty. Is this kind? And yet I cannot bear to lock you up. If I had the least sign that you cared for me'———— The man burst into tears. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have been a very devil these seventeen years; but you treat me like a man.' 'Come, let us go back,' said the captain. The convict had the free range of the prison as before. From this hour he began to open his heart to the captain, and cheerfully fulfilled his whole term of imprisonment, confiding to his friend, as they arose, all impulses to violate his trust, and facilities for doing so which he imagined he saw.

"The other case was of a criminal of the same character, who went so far as to make the actual attempt to escape. He fell, and hurt his ankle very much. The captain had him brought in and laid on his bed, and the ankle attended to; every one being forbidden to speak a word of reproach to the sufferer. The man was sullen, and would not say whether the bandaging of his ankle gave him pain or not. This was in the night, and every one returned to bed when this was done. But the captain could not sleep. He was distressed at the attempt, and thought he could not have fully done his duty by any man who would make it. He was afraid the man was in great pain. He rose, threw on his gown, and went with a lamp to the cell. The prisoner's face was turned to the wall, and his eyes were closed, but the traces of suffering were not to be mistaken. The captain loosened and replaced the bandage, and went for his own pillow to rest the limb upon; the man neither speaking nor moving all the time. Just when he was shutting the door, the prisoner started up and called him back. 'Stop sir. Was it all to see after my ankle that you have got up!'

"'Yes, it was. I could not sleep for thinking of you.'

"'And you never said a word of the way I have used you!'

"'I do feel hurt with you, but I don't want to call you unkind while you are suffering as you are now.'

"The man was in an agony of shame and grief. All he asked was to be trusted again when he should have recovered. He was freely trusted, and gave his generous friend no more anxiety on his behalf.

"Captain Pillsbury is the gentleman who, on to being told that a desperate prisoner had sworn murder him, speedily sent for him to shave him, allowing no one to be present. He eyed the man, pointed to the razor, and desired him to shave him. The prisoner's hand trembled, but he went through it very well. When he had done, the captain said, 'I have been told you meant to murder me, but I thought I might trust you.'—'God bless you, Sir! you may,' replied the regenerated man. Such is the power of faith in man."

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Even in the lowest grades of intelligent life, this good may be discovered. An illustration of this position occurred during the life of Matthews the comedian.

"Matthews had a great dislike to carry money about with him, and this often exposed him to trifling annoyances. On one occasion, when in Wales, on arriving at Briton Ferry, on horse back, having ridden in advance of his friends, he was obliged to await their arrival, not having a shilling to pay the ferryman. Just at this moment an Irish beggar, in the most miserable plight, came up, and poured forth all that lamentable cant of alleged destitution, which it is their vocation to impress upon the *tinder*-hearted and which seldom fails to draw forth sparks of compassion. My husband, however, assured the applicant that he had not even a farthing to offer him. It was in vain; the wretched, almost naked creature importuned him. At last he was told by him he supplicated, with some impatience at the tiresome and senseless perseverance after this explanation, that so far from being able to bestow alms, he was himself at that moment in a situation to require assistance; actually cold and damp as it was (November,) compelled to remain at the water's edge till some friend came up who would frank him across the ferry. The man's quick bright eye surveyed the speaker with some doubt, for a second; but upon a reiteration of Mr Matthew's assurance that he was detained against his will for want of a shilling, adding, that he was lame and unable to walk home from the other side of the ferry, or otherwise he might leave his horse behind as security—the beggar's face brightened up, and he exclaimed, 'Then, your honor, I'll lend you the money!'—'What, you! you, who have been telling me of your poverty and misery for want of money!'—'It's all true,' eagerly interrupted the man; 'it's all true; I'm as poor as I said I was—there's no lie in it. I'm begging my way back to my country, where I've friends; and there's a vessel ready I'm tould, that sails from Swansea to-night. I've got some money, but I want more to pay my passage before I go, and I'm starving myself for that raison; but is it for me to see another worse off than myself and, deny him relafe! Your honor's lame; now I've got my legs any how, and that's a comfort, sure!' Then taking a dirty rag out of his pocket, and showing about two shillings worth of coppers, he counted out twelve pence, and proffered them to Mr Matthews, who, willing to put the man's sincerity of intention to the proof, held out his hand for the money at the same time inquiring, 'How, if I borrow this, shall I be able to return it! My house is several miles on the other side of the ferry, and you say you are in haste to proceed. I shall not be able to send a messenger back here for several hours, and you will then have sailed.' 'Oh, thin, maybe, when your honor meets another of my poor district countrymen, you'll pay him the twelve pence; sure it's the same in the end.' Mr Matthews was affected at the poor fellow's evident sincerity; but desirous to put the matter to the fullest test, he thanked his ragged benefactor, and wished him a safe journey back to his country.

"The man took his leave with, 'Long life to your honor,' trudged off, and was soon out of sight. Matthews waited until his friends arrived, then rode after him and repaid the borrowed money with interest; but it was only on producing good evidence of his prosperous condition, that the poor fellow could be prevailed on to take it."

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"In closing this department of the subject, let it be observed that one of the most ennobling characteristics of the law of kindness, is its universality. It is not circumscribed in its application—it is not confined to a few people—nor is its exercise favorable to a part and injurious to the rest. Like the dews of heaven, the roaming atmosphere, or the flowing light of the sun, it is fitted for all people, and will as readily warm the frozen heart of the Laplander, in his eternal ice, with love divine, as it will cool the raging passions of the fevered son of the tropics. Parents amid their children, schoolmasters surrounded by their scholars, the governor, ruler, king, and emperor, with their subjects, the overseer with his slaves, the head workman with his laborers, all will find it a power which will procure them more obedience than any force they can use—obedience more lasting and sincere, from the fact that it springs from affection instead of fear. I know that passion may intervene, and render it difficult to practise the law of kindness; that temper flies, and the impulse of revenge says, "*destroy*;" but over these we must throw a bridle, and learn to "overcome evil with good." There is not a nobler sight in the moral world, than that of an individual subduing his passions, repressing the desire to revenge, and acting on the principle, "love your enemies." The case of Stephen, though surrounded by his enraged murderers, who hurled the stones of death at him, yet, in his magnanimity of purpose, praying that the sin of murder might not be laid to their charge, is infinitely more ennobling than Alexander amid his wealth, or Napoleon in all the pride of military conquest."

CLOSET MEDITATIONS.

THE DEATH OF A DEAR FRIEND.

The change has come. O God, have mercy upon us. An hour ago she was here—her thoughts divided between her children upon earth, and her Father in heaven. Now the veil is lifted up and she is gone. Gone!—where!—Where are the affections which an hour ago bound her so strongly to us! And the yet purer affections which lifted her soul up to God and her Savior,—they have only begun to live. Her calm assurance in death,—the profound peace and even joy which for days past have shone out from her countenance during the short intervals of respite from extreme suffering;—the silent look of thankfulness and trust, more touching than words;—O, they were but an emblem of the perfect light and peace and joy to which she now has risen. And yet how strange! These passionless features lie before us, but she is not here. Dear one, remember us, and, if it be permitted still, pray for us;—in thy nearer access to the throne of God, pray for those whom thou hast left. And, O our Father, may the hallowed influence of this hour go with us through our lives. We would not strive to look too curiously into that which thou hast seen fit to conceal. We would not inquire too earnestly where she now is, or how she continues to exist, or who are her associates and companions. Thy will, not ours' be done. May we taste, even in this our tribulation, and know that thou art good. Have mercy upon us, and forgive us, if in the first sharp pangs of grief we dwell more on our loss than her immortal gain.

Lift up our hearts. May we feel the reality—the awful and yet the blissful reality of that spiritual world, which is around us, though mortal eye may not behold it. May we feel that we are not cut off and deserted, though all whom we have loved should die. But may our souls be made alive, and by living and believing in him who tasted all the bitterness of death, may we even while here become truly members of his Church and feel ourselves not only the companions of those who walk darkly and painfully in the flesh, but encompassed also by spiritual beings, who dwell in the pure light of thy presence. Above all, may we feel how very nigh thou art, and how precious thy thoughts which are to us ward. Breathe in upon our souls the consolations of thy love, and grant to us that peace which the world cannot give and which it cannot take away.

Her calmness sustained us and we could hardly realise that we must give her up. But now that our labor of love is ended, and the body placed in its quiet grave, we feel our loneliness. May our sorrow work its own divinely appointed cure, purifying our hearts and filling them with more hallowed affections. May we yearn for a nearer intercourse with God and through him with all the children of his heavenly kingdom. The price has been paid. May it not be in vain. But if the world should ever begin to regain its dominion over us, may the remembrance of the last week's experience call us back to ourselves, and bind us by new ties to heaven. May we never escape from grief by insensibility or indifference to her, but be raised by our sorrows to more heart-felt communion with God.

*** The Thursday Lecture was preached this week by Rev. Dr. Gilman of Charleston, S. C., from Titus, i. 8. "A lover of good men."

Subject,—The duty of cherishing an active sympathy with all good men.

For the Register.

PREACHING AND HEARING.

Mr. Editor:—In your last paper, you furnished your readers with an interesting extract from the London Inquirer on the defects of Unitarian preaching. How far the remarks were applicable to the American Unitarian pulpit, I shall not here undertake to decide. Doubtless something may be done, even in Massachusetts, where Unitarian preaching was first begun, to give it greater efficiency; and if the timely hints contained in the article referred to, shall promote self-inspection among the clerical readers of the Register, its publication will have been made subservient to a worthy end.

While reading that article, I could not suppress the utterance of a wish, that you would notice another defect of very general prevalence. I mean, *the defect in hearing*. Many excellent sermons are next to thrown away on not a few congregations, in consequence of this defect. Some have *fastidious* ears, and are so distressed at hearing plain truth in a plain phraseology, that they desire no benefit from it. Others have such *benevolent ears*, that they hear every thing for their neighbors, and nothing for themselves. Still others have *deaf ears*, and therefore leave the church as uninstructed as they entered—more have "*itching ears*" and will listen to nothing that is not "new" or more exciting than truth,—and still more have *sceptical ears*, and the word does not profit them, "not being mixed with faith in them that hear."

Now, Mr. Editor, if you will furnish a "leader" for your paper on this theme, and point out the remedy for this and collateral defects in *hearing* the word, you will perform an excellent service for the laity, and confer a favor on a host of clergymen. With preaching as it *may* be, and hearing as it *should* be, the word of God will "mightily" grow and prevail. S.

Beverly, Sept. 23, 1846.

We doubt whether we could say anything to add to the effect of what our correspondent has suggested. It certainly requires preparation on the part of the hearer as well as the preacher, to enter the church in such a spirit that the services may be profitable to all.

[We would call particularly the attention of our city readers to the following article.]

For the Register.

TEACHERS' SOCIAL UNION.

The regular monthly meeting of this Association was holden on Monday evening, Sept. 21st. at the Chapel of the Church of the Savior. Although not a very full meeting, on account of the bad walking, occasioned by the storm during the day, yet thirteen schools were represented, and it was a glorious meeting; glorious in its object, and glorious in the spirit of harmony and of philanthropy which breathed through all the addresses. A brief account of it we thought ought to appear in the Register, that those may read who did not enjoy the pleasure of hearing the remarks.

The meeting was opened with singing a hymn, and a prayer by Rev. Mr. Waterston. The question for discussion was one of the most practical moment to all who feel interested in the moral welfare of our beloved city: "What is the duty of Sabbath School Teachers in regard to the increased means of vice and dissipation in the city?" Rev. Mr. Waterston in announcing it, said that "it was a subject on which something ought to be said, something ought to be felt, and something ought to be *done*. The Sabbath School teacher is the one who should feel most sensitive on the subject, and be ready to inquire as to the best means of protecting the young from the contaminating sources of vice and dissipation by which they are surrounded."

Mr. R. W. Bayley remarked that we needed no further proof of a lamentable state of dissipation among the young men of our city than what is afforded at our Police Court on any Monday morning. We know that many of our young men leave our schools at an age when most they need the influence of religious instruction. We know that young men and boys visit the "gilded oyster saloons" every Saturday night, and a police officer had observed to Mr. B. in reference to one of these that "if he had power to back him, he would shut up that place." Sabbath School teachers should take this matter in hand, and if we have laws, let us see if they cannot be enforced. If public sentiment is not up to the right point, let us try to raise it. Mr. B. said that there were between three and four thousand Sabbath School teachers in the city and he suggested the plan of having a memorial on the subject presented to the City Government, signed by the teachers of every denomination in the city.

Mr. G. F. Thayer heartily approved of this suggestion, and he thought that public sentiment would sustain the movement. He did not believe with the officer mentioned by Mr. B. that he had no power to sustain him in carrying out the laws in reference to the sinks of corruption with which our city is infested, and in shutting up "the gilded saloons" on the Sabbath day. It is enough to make our blood run cold, no, it makes it boil in our bosoms, to behold the scenes at our Police Court on any Monday morning. Twenty-one arraingments were made this very morning. Mr. T. said that on last Sabbath evening his family were disturbed by the loud cries of a number of young men in a vehicle, who had been spending the day in dissipation in the country, and were now about to enter one of the gilded saloons in his neighborhood. Application was made to the watchman in the vicinity, but nothing was done to stop the noise. It is a fact that some of our city officers wink at the violation of our laws. But such should not be the case. Every watchman and police officer who will not perform his duty should be turned out of office. Now, the Sabbath, instead of being a holy day, is the day on which the evil one is served most faithfully.

Mr. Martin Lincoln said that the question must interest all who have the true moral interests of the city at heart. Boston has been called the most moral city in the Union. But she is losing her good character. There are some causes at work for which she is not responsible. Owing to the success of the temperance reform in the country towns, many of the venders of ardent spirits have removed from the country to the city, and hence the increased number of bowling alleys, bar-rooms and oyster saloons. It is time that Sabbath School teachers do something to retrieve the high moral standing of Boston, and to arrest the progress of vice and dissipation in our midst. Let us do it by precept, by warning our pupils to shun all the temptations held out before them, and by dwelling in our instructions upon particular vices to which they may be exposed. Above all, let every teacher look well to his own example. Let his actions never belie his words. Let him ever shun the slightest appearance of evil, and never do aught which may furnish ground of excuse for any vicious indulgences of his pupils.

Mr. Hazen J. Burton said that during the past two years, he had been made intimately acquainted with the vice and dissipation of our city. He formerly thought that Boston morality and Boston intelligence meant a great deal. He had yet to learn what was meant by Boston vice. He had learned it, and he was glad to hear from Sabbath School teachers such an expression of feeling on the subject. There is law. But it has no force of itself. There are officers. But many of them are dependent for daily bread upon their office; and if they enter a complaint against one of these sinks of corruption, a host of enemies will arise and by some means or other put him out of office. As a teacher and superintendent for years, Mr. B. had seen the growing disposition to vice among boys. He once had a boy in his class, the meekest and humblest among his pupils, and he feared that he might not have strength to resist the temptations which he would meet as he advanced in life. From a change in the school and in his class, he lost sight of him for several years. He next saw him a boy in a store, and his fears were realised. He was easily led away by an older and vicious companion, to drink and other dissipations. With nothing to restrain him, he went on from sin to sin and finally committed forgery. He then went to New York with his vicious companion, spent his money in dissipation there, and at last accounts had sold his shoes to buy bread. Such was the course of one young man. And such will be the course of many others, if they be not carefully taught and restrained from temptation. We should seek ourselves, and we should teach our pupils to seek before wealth and pleasure, "the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

Mr. Phipps, of the Divinity School, dwelt upon the neglect of the Sabbath, as being the first step towards vice and dissipation among our youth. They leave the Sabbath School at too early an age, before their moral education is completed. They are easily led astray, and we see them on the Sabbath day loitering idly about the streets and in the bar-rooms of the city. Strong efforts should be made to keep them in the Sabbath School until their moral character is firmly fixed, and they are determined to hate and shun all temptation to vice.

Rev. Charles F. Barnard spoke strongly of the defects of instruction in our Public Schools. We have neglected too much the happiness, the physical and moral condition of the children placed in these schools. We want happy schools for our little children, where their physical happiness shall be well attended to. We want the rod and the medal abolished from our public schools, and love to be the ruling principle of government. Let moral and religious instruction be given in these as well as our Sabbath Schools. Let Mr. Everett be able to carry out his plans of reform at the University. We have neglected these things too long. We have been sowing the wind, and we are reaping the whirlwind. Let these reforms be introduced into our Primary and Public, our Latin and High Schools, and our Colleges, let all children and young men feel that in their teachers, next to their parents, they have their best friends, and all the evils which now alarm us will die out of themselves.

Rev. Mr. Howe, the Baptist minister-at-large in Boston, said that as a body, the Sabbath School teachers of all denominations were deeply devoted to the best interests of the city. If they will only rise up in their majesty and say that something shall be done, it *can* be done. Every teacher should be very careful of his example, and should be able to answer when he is questioned on the subject, "I never enter one of these haunts of vice, I never even drink a glass of wine, I never yield to any temptations which I advise you to shun." We can thus prejudice their minds against these places, and lay the axe at the root of evil. We can rally too as a band and make our voice to be heard in a memorial such as was suggested by Mr. Bayley. We will show our city officers that they have something to lean on, and some power to fall back upon and sustain them in carrying out the laws of the city.

Rev. Mr. Moore of Quincy, Ill. being called upon by Rev. Mr. Waterston remarked that while he had been pained to hear of the state of crime and dissipation in Boston, he was delighted to witness such a spirit of harmony among the Sabbath School teachers, and such a determined resolution to take decisive measures to bring about a reform.

Rev. Mr. Waterston thanked Mr. M. and wished that we might all think of the far West and the missionaries there, when we are engaged in our work here. If the moral character of Boston sinks, the counteracting influence extends beyond New England and throughout the whole Union. He had been happy to hear from Rev. Mr. Moore, who had lately visited New Orleans, that the general character of that city was quiet and moral, and that it had one of the best regulated bodies of police in the country. Let it not be said that New Orleans is going up, and Boston is going down. Let it not be said that this city is growing corrupt and that our police are corrupted and wink at iniquity.

Upon motion of Mr. R. W. Bayley, it was *Resolved*, that a Committee of five be appointed to take measures to call a meeting of all the Sabbath School teachers of all denominations in Boston, to consider the expediency of presenting a memorial to the City Government in reference to the numerous sources of temptation, and increasing means of vice and dissipation held out before the youth of our city.

A Committee consisting of Rev. Mr. How, Rev. Mr. Waterston, and Messrs. Elijah Cobb, R. W. Bayley, and G. F. Thayer was then appointed. The meeting was then closed with singing the Dismission Hymn and a Benediction by Rev. Mr. Waterston.

Such is only an imperfect account of the proceedings of this meeting, from which we hope much good may result. And before we close, we will venture to express a wish that the meetings of the Union during the coming season may be fully attended by representations from all the schools connected with it. Many useful questions are discussed, and all who attend must receive much light and aid in pursuing their duties. We hope that all superintendents and all teachers, who are not unavoidably detained away, will make it a point to attend constantly and punctually our meetings in future. And we need and cordially invite all the clergymen connected with our schools to come and give us the aid of their wisdom and experience. Then as one strong and united band, united in counsel and action, we can persevere with success in overthrowing the strong holds of vice, and in making a moral reformation, and restoring the once fair moral character of the city of Boston. T. G.

For the Register.

Norwich, Conn., Sept. 14th, 1846.

Rev. John H. Morison,—Dear Sir and Brother: Yesterday was a pleasant Sabbath with the little band of Unitarians here, though it was another of those hot days which have marked this month above most Septembers of American memory. At an early hour Br. Farley and I walked over and held our morning service at Greenville, about a mile and a half from "the landing," the business part of Norwich. Greenville contains about 1800 souls.—It was here that our Unitarian project was born and baptised, some three years ago, in a little "Christian" Chapel. It now becomes apparent that the only point where the enterprise can hope to find permanent support is within the city. Thus we are compelled, however reluctantly to quit our first bulwark and advance upon the heart of Norwich. This will be done in about three weeks; when the service will cease to be divided as now between two audiences.—"The Rechabite Hall" is the place of the afternoon service, and here, we begin to perceive an increase of worshippers. This is encouragement of the highest sort, because it is in the city that we are the least understood, and most opposed. If a few more such as Dr. C., of Baltimore, would come to reside among us we should soon feel quite strong.

This Norwich is a strangely picturesque and beautiful place. One cannot help feeling as he enters it that if its spiritual corresponds to its natural graces it must be a very Eden. Doubtless it has some share of "pure religion and undefiled" in common with the other cities of ancient and strict Connecticut. It appears that Norwich was one of the five cities incorporated at the May session of the Legislature of 1784.—Yet every thing here is so fresh and new that a stranger is apt to imagine it quite a young city. Its population but little exceeds 10,000. It lies embosomed in woods, eighteen miles from the Sound, at the head of navigable water. On your right as you approach it, the narrow and deep Shetucket steals out from among the rocks, and on your left, broad, and lake-like, the lovely but shallow Yantic enters the bed of the stately Thames. Turning from one enchanting view to another, one may look and look for days and not be filled with looking. Copse dingle and dell open upon copse, dingle and dell in every direction.

It would be quite unpardonable, where nature has done all that she has here, if we did not find residences to correspond and country seats of surpassing loveliness. Just such is the fact; and Norwich will not suffer in comparison with the best portions of New Bedford; though the Rockwell Place which is as elegant as any here, may not take away the palm from Arnold's of being the most elegant garden in New England. Norwich is on many accounts to be preferred to New Bedford as a place of residence. It lies directly on the great highway of travel between Boston and New York; a little over four hours from the one and seven from the other. The cheapness of transportation to New York, by boats like the Oregon and Atlantic, hardly surpassed in the world for magnificence, induce many to step down to New York for supplies, as to the most convenient and bountiful market in the United States. Norwich has grown rapidly of late with its sixteen or eighteen factories and its endless water-power; but this growth is nothing to what it must see in a few years.

The most delightful view we can take of this, its outward life, is its inevitable effect in awakening the spiritual lethargy of the place. Religious toleration here is in its infancy. Religious liberty is hardly begun to be. There prevails a singular deadness of perception on this subject; an almost incredible want of movement and progress. If a liberal creed has a mission *anywhere* it has one in and about Norwich. In going from Boston or from almost any other town in Massachusetts to Norwich, you go backward a hundred years. You find among the sects, the most singular jealousy and non-intercourse.—Before the Unitarians came the Episcopalians were the most persecuted sect. Now the brunt of the battle falls upon us. Happily it comes not openly and in phalanx, because denominational union for any purpose whatever is next to impossible. Thus is it indeed an "ill wind that blows good to none." Still there is opposition wide and general arising from utter ignorance of our claims and purposes. Nor is this surprising when one of the most intelligent professional men here confessed to me to-day that he was entirely ignorant of the existence of such a sect as the "Christians," and was utterly surprised and confounded to hear of their having 325,000 communicants and 500,000 in their congregations, Unitarians all. Moral courage of a high stamp is needed for any one here to venture out, even at night, to hear whether or no we have any part or lot in the common Christianity.

Nor can we be surprised at this when we hear that the Baptists have exclusively their own Baptist physician; when we are pointed to Baptist stores about town; when a teacher of undoubted ability is ousted from his post on the sole ground of being an Episcopalian; when in social life there are dinner table or tea table gatherings of but a single denomination of guests; when for an Episcopalian to be accidentally bidden to a Presbyterian *sociale* is matter of formal apology; and when a new resident is told by procrastinating neighbors one after another, "we thought you were not Orthodox or we should have called long ago."

Where the kindly offices of Christian neighborhood are thus scrimped and shrivelled up by the dagon worship of sectarianism, is there not a call for practical believers in Christian liberty? Most of the new comers here are as anxious for the breaking up of this polar ice as we can be; and quite as ripe for a spiritual revolution to better things.

Nothing is more certain than that the old bigotry is ere long to be shaken to its foundations by the spirit of enterprise that is coming in as a flood. Even now "they that are with us are more than they that be with them." The galling of the yoke has already shown itself in the formation of extensive sect associations and brotherhoods like the Rechabites and Odd Fellows; the fact of belonging to whom is excommunication or rejection from the churches.—Who that is free to use his common sense can doubt of the speedy triumph of a liberal theology in a place circumstanced as this now is? Who can believe that the all embracing Creator, the common Father of these children will allow them to shut Him up in any one denomination!—Who can believe that the Holy energy of love which dug these deep vales and piled these high rocks and threw about these leaping hills will not as generously spread among them a fitting spiritual love feast! Even now we can hear him say, "Bring forth the fatted calf and kill it and let us eat and be merry."

Hope on, labor on, cry aloud, spare not, minister of Christ! Fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Not little flock of Unitarians merely, but of all who *love all* in Christ. These four concentering rivers, your Thames, Shetucket, Yantic and Quinebaug,—these shall typify for you the true spirit of Christian Union; a union strongly marked with individuality as it is seeking to flow towards the same eternal sea of life.—Every liberal mind that can come here has a mission here. Let such come and be faithful! Or, if he needs a reminder, we will point him to the home of the Sigourneys on one of our roads and not far off, upon another the house which gave birth to Arnold the traitor. Let us at least hope to see this infant Society of our faith, our "holy Catholic" faith, sustained.—May it not be suffered to languish for lack of anything that a few dollars can supply. Remember, dear friends in Boston, that there are as yet no rich men among them and not a few who are poor. If they grow as they now promise to grow, they must ere long be looking in your quarter and to your practical faith in your own generous principles to give them aid in building and consecrating, what they have not yet found, a chapel set apart to the worship of the All Father. C. H. A. D.

For the Register.

INSTALLATION AT STANDISH, ME.

Order of services at the Installation of Rev. Edwin J. Gray, at Standish, Me., Sept. 23d, 1846.

Voluntary by the Choir. Prayer. Scriptures, Rev. Mr. Tenney of Kennebunk. Hymn. Sermon, by Rev. H. A. Miles of Lowell, Mass. Hymn. Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Nichols of Portland. Charge, by Rev. Mr. Wheeler of Topsham. Right Hand, Rev. Mr. Cutler of Portland. Address to the Society by Rev. J. H. T. Nichols of Saco. Anthem. Prayer, by Rev. M. A. H. Niles of Lowell, Mass. Benediction by the Pastor.

The day was mild and beautiful and the audience seemed highly gratified with the very interesting services of the occasion. Mr. Miles' discourse was from Matt. xv. 6. "Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition." There are prevailing theological opinions, irrational, unscriptural, mere traditions, that make the commandment of God of none effect. The current doctrines respecting 1st, Human depravity, 2d, Election, 3d, Atonement, were by a searching examination clearly shown to discourage earnest moral effort, to deaden the power of conscience, and to weaken the force of the Divine commands. Their evil influence is manifest in the low standard of morals, prevailing in the Churches. While the moral excellence of many who hold these traditions was cheerfully admitted, it was nevertheless insisted on by the speaker, that higher and nobler views must be proclaimed and established, if we would deliver our land from the evils that degrade and elevate the character of our fellow men. We forbear entering into a further analysis of this excellent discourse, in the hope that it will soon speak for itself in print.

The Charge by Mr. Wheeler, formerly Pastor of the Society, founded on the injunction of Paul to Archippus, urged the preacher to "fulfil his ministry" in the meek and quiet performance of the regular duties of his office, counselled him to follow the things that make for peace and exhorted him to seek continually to *win*, not *drive* souls into the kingdom.

Mr. Cutler's Right Hand of welcome was a graceful and finished performance, well sustained throughout, and commanding the undivided attention of the audience.

Mr. Nichols' Address to the People was, in *manner*, direct; and in *matter*, a plain and faithful exhibition of some of the principal duties of the people towards their pastor.

A discourse was delivered in the evening by Rev. M. A. H. Niles of Lowell, and we have seldom listened to a sermon so literally *crowded* with admirable thought, and so abounding in just discrimination and practical suggestions. We sincerely congratulate our friends in Lowell and indeed the Unitarian denomination generally, that so efficient a laborer has come among them.

Addresses from several gentlemen, clerical and lay, closed the exercises of this interesting day.

May the connexion now formed be a long and happy one. May the blessing of heaven descend on this little Society that has so long been destitute of the sacred ministrations of the Gospel, and, through the faithful labors of their young pastor, aided by their own zealous co-operation, make them grow in numbers and in the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." T.

For the Register.

ANNIVERSARY AT NASHUA, N. H.

Nashua is one of the principal towns in the State of New Hampshire. It has a large and an increasing population engaged chiefly in the business of Manufactures. It is the Waltham or Lowell of that State; and in such a place it is important that the highest and best educational and religious influences and institutions should be sustained by some of our ablest and most devoted men. In such an important position, it is fortunate for our faith that it has a representative who is alike beloved and honored, at home and abroad. We were there on Wednesday last, the day which is set apart, and which has been observed for many years as the Anniversary of the Sunday School connected with the Society of which Rev. S. G. Bulfinch is Pastor. They assembled at their grove-embowered Church at an early hour in the afternoon; and we do not believe that a single scholar was absent from the School on that day. It was a large and happy group. The assemblage of Teachers and Parents also was unusually numerous, a circumstance which must have been cheering to the heart of their Pastor. The services there, were of the usual character, during which the most unbroken order and attention were preserved. In the Address to the Teachers an allusion was made to the loss of their lamented associate,—Fox—to whom such a just and beautiful tribute has recently been paid in the Christian Examiner in an article by a former Pastor of the Society, Rev. Mr. Osgood of Providence. The devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Mr. Bulfinch, and Rev. Mr. Ryder, Pastor of the Universalist Society in that place. After these services, they proceeded to an interesting spot in the near vicinity of their Church, where a pleasant hour was spent in innocent and rural sports; after which they returned to the Village, and repaired to the large Hall of the principal Hotel, and partook of a bountiful collation prepared by the Ladies of the Society. Joseph Greele, Esq. presided on the occasion. At the close of the festival, short Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Bulfinch on Christian union, closing with a fraternal sentiment of fellowship and love, embracing all the religious Societies of Nashua and Nashville. This was responded to by Rev. Mr. Ryder in some few words, which seemed like "pictures of silver set in apples of gold." Other sentiments were given; juvenile tracts were distributed; and at an early hour, the whole company, young and old, returned to their homes, rejoicing in the opportunity which the day had afforded of renewing and strengthening the bonds of Christian and social feeling, and of aiding the young to rise, in after days, into a higher walk of Christian life, and into higher hopes of future happiness. P.

For the Register.

TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

Gentleman,—As another year of my connection with the Meadville Theological School has closed, I submit to your consideration the labors of the year and the present state and wants of the school.

The number of students connected with the school permanently during the past year was twenty three. Of these, thirteen were in the Junior Class. At the close of the year three students left the school to enter upon the labors of the ministry, and one to unite with another similar institution. There are, therefore, now connected with the school nineteen students; four in the Senior Class and fifteen in the Middle Class. The prospects are good for another Class. There are on the list seventeen who have expressed their intention to join the school and a number more who have written respecting the expenses.

In regard to the expenses I cannot but flatter myself that the Committee will be satisfied with the economy of the students. The expenses of board in the boarding house, including *fuel*, lights, rent of room and washing, has not exceeded one dollar per week. An additional house has been rented for the coming year for eighty dollars—which will accommodate twenty four students—so that between thirty and forty can be accommodated in both buildings. These houses are, however, very inconvenient for such purposes. And I am satisfied, if the students are as numerous as present appearances would lead us to expect they will be, that a boarding house must be erected for their accommodation. It may be necessary for the friends of the school to call upon the public for the means necessary to erect such a building during the coming year. We are determined to ask nothing till it is needed, imperatively needed, and we feel confident that when a clear case of need is presented the Churches will not permit us to suffer.

I should do myself and the School a wrong not to express anew our gratitude to our friends who have so liberally aided us; and for their satisfaction I will state that a business Committee of five has been chosen who will have the charge of our funds, till the Trustees can organise under our charter, which was granted us at the last Session of the Legislature.

During the last year Elder David Millard of West Bloomfield, New York, was appointed Professor of Biblical Antiquities and Sacred Geography. He has travelled in Palestine and other countries in the East, and seemed admirably fitted for his office. He will visit the school once a year and lecture; and teach the branches connected with his professorship. It should be said that he is willing to undertake his labors with no other pecuniary compensation than the payment of his necessary expenses. The appointment is also in accordance with the feelings of the Christian denomination.

I cannot but say in regard to our Christian friends that I have received from them only words of sympathy and encouragement. I have letters from the leading men of the denomination containing the strongest expression of congratulation respecting the establishment of the school, and their prayers for its success. They will do all they can. Let us not fall behind them. Applications are made from different denominations to join the school because it is free from party trammels. I received this day a letter from a Baptist in Iowa.

Our Library has been increased, by the donation of books from our friends, during the last year, over a thousand volumes. It now contains 2200 vols. besides about 1000 vols. of Text books. We hope to be remembered still in this particular.

The students have been attentive to their studies and have needed checking rather than urging. Two have studied Hebrew, and a large number, Greek, and some, Latin.

My expectations have been more than satisfied. The success of the experiment *seems to* have been perfect, and nothing appears necessary now but to put the school upon a permanent basis. I will not permit myself to doubt but that the Churches will be ready and happy to raise whatever funds may be necessary to make the institution one of the best endowed west of the mountains, whenever a plan of action shall be presented to them which has the double merit of being necessary and feasible.

With thanks to a kind providence for the success which has crowned the labors of the friends and teachers of the school, I submit this, my second Annual Report.

Rufus P. Stebbins.

For the Register.

Mr. Editor:—I have just been upon the parade ground to listen to the prayers of the Chaplain of "Our Regiment." The disciple of Christ joining hands with the worshipper of Mars. A minister of the Gospel of peace raising his voice in prayer amid the thousand confused and discordant voices of a muster field. How incongruous.

True, we are commanded to pray for all men; and no class of men more need our prayers than that, whose profession is arms, whose influence is exerted to perpetuate the unchristian and savage art of war. There is a time and a place for all things. Is parade day the time, and the muster field the place, for devotional exercises? Is the minister of the Gospel called upon to grace with his presence, and consecrate with his prayers, a place given up to the worship of Mars

and Bacchus and I know not what other Heathen deities! Can he, consistently with his profession, take a part in exercises, whose tendency is to foster the spirit of war! We stand aghast at the horrors of the battle field. We shudder as we hear the groans of the wounded and dying. We deprecate the awful calamity of war, and send messages of peace to our brethren, when the notes of preparation fall harsh upon the ear. But what are we doing to dry up the sources of war! What efforts do we make to divert the attention of the young from the pomp and circumstance of the parade ground! What voice of condemnation do we raise against our West Point Academies, our Military Schools, our May trainings and our Autumn musters! These are the Seminaries which teach the savage art of war, which infuse into the minds of the young the poison, that leads them to prefer the profession of arms to the solemn and useful pursuits of peace. Let us lay the axe at the root of the tree. Let us labor to disperse this halo of glory which has settled upon the brow of the warrior. The Christian spirit and the war spirit are opposites, contrary the one to the other as light and darkness. Is it not so, my brother! I am in no fault finding mood, and yet I must say it pains my heart to see a minister of the Gospel, so much as lift his finger, to sustain those institutions which foster a warlike spirit. How frequently do we pray that wars may cease, yet how madly do we mingle the elements which must sooner or later explode in the bloody catastrophe which we deplore! We must be thoroughly and entirely Christian, and set our faces as a flint against the unholy practice of war. We must frown upon this martial spirit which delights in military parade, which glories in the sash and epaulette. Swords must be beaten into plough shares—spears into pruning hooks. What nobler work can the Christian find than to wield the hammer and ply the forge to accomplish so glorious an end!

Yours, J. S. B.

THE TUCKERMAN MONUMENT.

We have been kindly favored with the following description of this structure, (an account of the Inauguration of which will be found below) and need only add here, that the design was made by Mr. Hamatt Billings, Architect of this city, and the work was executed by the Messrs. Carew on Harrison Avenue, whose studio will repay any lover of the Fine Arts, for a visit.

The Monument is in that style of Architecture, which is called the Romanesque and the material of which it is wrought, the light, (almost grey) Freestone, of Little Falls, N. J., sometimes called Newark Stone, which has been selected to compose the grand front of the new Boston Atheneum.

It is a square Shaft or Die standing on a Base and Plinth, and crowned with a Capital and curved Spire terminating in a Cross; the whole height is about twelve feet.

The lower stone or Plinth is four feet and three inches in diameter and sixteen inches high. This is stone, and the shaft or Die are the heaviest in the work, each weighing two tons. Upon the Plinth is a high (19 inches) and richly moulded Base, which again supports the Shaft or Die, the latter having on its four sides, *raised*, semicircular headed Tablets, moulded round the edges, and resting upon moulded Sills, which in their turn are supported by rich and leafy Corbels, shaped something like the Truss or Console used for similar purposes in Roman and Grecian Architecture.

The first of these Tablets, that facing the Avenue, contains a profile head in Bas Relief, life-size, of Dr Tuckerman, the likeness of which is instantly recognised, with the name JOSEPH TUCKERMAN beneath; the three other Tablets are charged with Inscriptions as follows:—

On the REAR,

Born in Boston, Mass.,
January, 18, 1778.
Died in Cuba, W. I.,
April 20, 1840.

On the RIGHT,

For Twenty Five Years
A faithful Minister of
Jesus Christ
In the Village of Chelsea,
And for Fourteen years
A devoted Missionary
To the suffering and neglected
Of the City of Boston,
His best Monument is
The Ministry at Large;
His appropriate title,
The Friend of the Poor.

On the LEFT,

This Monument is erected
By Friends to whom
His Memory is dear
For the services
He rendered,
And the impulse he gave,
To the cause of
Christian Philanthropy.

On the Capital and Spire the Architect has, with admirable taste and judgment, placed his most delicate ornaments. The mouldings of the Capital are lighter than those of the Base, with depths of shadow that make it singularly sparkling and brilliant; from its lowest member are suspended (down upon the Die) a series of small, semicircular and moulded arches, the grains of which terminate in cupshaped flower Pendants.

From the upper member of the Capital springs the curved Spire or pointed roof, *shingled* with broad lance-shaped leaves. The angles of the Spire have bold staff-like ribs clinging to, and sweeping up, their curved lines; and these again have leafy Creepers, clasping them at intervals, over the undulations of which the pleased eye glances upward to the Cross—which I despair of describing. I shall only say it is in itself alone a creation of Architectural beauty—"worthy of all praise."

THE ORDER OF SERVICES AT THE INAUGURATION of the Monument, at Mount Auburn, Wednesday P. M., Sept. 30th, 1846, was 1. Prayer, by Mr. Gray. 2. Hymn. 3. Selections from Scripture, Rev. Mr. Waterston. 4. Addresses. 5. Hymn. 6. Prayer and Benediction, Rev. Mr. Parkman.

It is generally known, we suppose that this Monument was executed and erected under the direction of a Committee, appointed for that purpose at a meeting of the friends of Dr. Tuckerman. H. B. Rogers, Esq., Chairman of that Committee, made a brief and very appropriate address, truly sketching the character and the peculiar missionary work of Dr. T. and the motives which dictated this tribute to his memory. He also described the Monument; and made some statements to show that the Committee had received satisfactory evidence that the material of the Monument—(in regard to which there has been some question) would be as durable, as in other respects it was appropriate. He instanced Rosalind Chapel near Edinburgh and the Cathedral at Cologne—as edifices built of sand-stone, which had withstood the action of the elements—for centuries.

Mr. Rogers was followed by Dr. Gannett in a few remarks which met the occasion—came from the heart, and reached the hearts of all who heard them. His allusion to the contrast between Mt. Auburn and burial places in the old world, in respect to the character and offices of those whose deeds the monuments commemorated, was strikingly true and suggestive. There the splendid structures commemorated naval and military heroes chiefly—here the principal monuments, raised by public gratitude, were to the Christian scholar—Kirkland; the eloquent expounder and defender of Christianity—Channing; the Apostle of Peace—Worcester—and the friend of the poor, him whose "best monument is the Ministry-at-Large;" Tuckerman. This showed the progress of Society in Christian views; and this fact which he had thus slightly commented, led him to regard the monument to Tuckerman, as conferring new grace and honor upon beloved Mount Auburn.

The afternoon was beautiful—the attendance of friends large—and the whole occasion one of quiet impressiveness and truly Christian associations and influences.

A box of lead hermetically sealed, was deposited at the erection of the monument, between the plinth and the die, containing a copy of Dr. Channing's Memoir of Dr. Tuckerman, and the last Report of the Warren Street Chapel.

We have received a prospectus of which the following is the substance.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY. *The entire work unabridged, in one vol. crown quarto.* In announcing a new edition of Webster's dictionary, the Publishers beg leave to state concisely the improvements and advantages of the revised edition.

I. It comprises the entire matter of the first American Edition in 2 vols. Quarto, together with several thousand additional words, and the corrections and improvements added by Dr. Webster to the edition in 2 vols. Royal 8vo. published in 1841, and the words published in the Addenda prepared by him, and published just before his death in 1843.

II. The entire work has been thoroughly revised by Professor Chauncey A. Goodrich, of Yale College, New Haven, who will have been employed from two to three years upon the revision, assisted by several competent distinguished literary gentlemen, and will include—

1. A careful revision of the definitions of Dr. Webster. This has been deemed advisable although Dr. Webster's definitions are admitted to be more full, extensive, clear and accurate, than those of any previous English lexicographer; yet in a work of this kind, prepared by any one person, there would be found, almost necessarily, some omissions and inaccuracies.—so, also, in the progressive advancement of the Sciences, the Arts, and almost every department of human knowledge, new or different meanings have come to attach to words, from those formerly employed.

2. Several thousand new words have been added, embracing scientific terms, words employed by modern popular writers, colloquial words and phrases, words having become Anglicised from foreign languages, &c., &c.—Great care has been taken in the selection of these, in the scientific department especially, by a careful consultation of the best and most recent authorities.

3. The Key to the Pronunciation is inserted at the bottom of every page, for immediate and easy reference; the words more extensively marked, and the difficult words re-spelled, so as to make it more fully a popular Pronouncing Dictionary.

4. While Dr. Webster's *system* has been maintained throughout, to which the popular usage has so extensively given, and is yet more fully given, its sanction, yet with regard to particular words, to which Dr. Webster gave two modes of spelling—the popular one, and another, which from analogy, and the derivation of the word, he thought preferable—the Editor gives only the present popular orthography, when the best usage appears to sanction this mode. Thus whatever of valid objection may have existed with reference to former editions, is now obviated.

III. Carefully prepared Tables have been added, giving the Pronunciation of—

1. Greek and Latin Proper Names.
2. Scripture Proper names. [This Table by one of the most distinguished Biblical scholars in the country.]
3. Geographical Names. This List contains from 3000 to 4000 names of modern Countries, Cities, Towns, Rivers, Mountains, &c.

IV. A Memoir of Dr. Webster.

The Work will contain between 1400 and 1500 pages, and will be handsomely got up, on entirely new type, good paper, substantially bound, and the price not to exceed $6. It is now in active progress, and will appear as early as practicable the coming season.

G. & C. MERRIAM.

Springfield, Mass., Oct. 1846.

A LIBRARY WANTED FOR THE STARKEY SEMINARY, IN YATES CO. NEW YORK.

Rev. E. G. Holland, of the Christian Denomination, as agent for the Starkey Seminary, is soliciting donations of suitable books, to form a library for the aforesaid Institution. It is an Institution of learning, situated in a very beautiful and fertile section in the state of New York, and belongs to the Christian Denomination. We believe that it is the only Institution of learning among that people in the State; and it is very desirable that it should possess a good library. We would also announce the fact, that an effort is being made, to render the Institution auxiliary to the one at Meadville, Pa., in giving young men a preparatory education for the studies of Meadville. We trust that the friends of education will aid in this work; and whatever they choose to bestow of books, should be left at the Office of Rev. C. Briggs, the General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

The season promises well for the approaching Autumnal Convention. The 20th inst., will be to all appearance sufficiently early and sufficiently late to answer all purposes and to accommodate all persons.

We hope that the attendance will be as general as the invitation is cordial. Our Philadelphia friends might justly deem themselves slighted, if their hearty welcome were indifferently secured.

The expense may deter some who would like to attend. Let it not be exaggerated. Eighteen dollars is the largest sum that should be named for the whole outlay.

They who start from Boston on Monday, the 19th inst., may trust to be in Philadelphia in season for the Convention on the 20th.

The occasion and the city together ought to unite with the call of our Philadelphia friends and draw us all thither.

*** A correspondent has kindly informed us that the lines in Mrs. Farnham's Prairieland are from Bryant. We shall publish the whole piece next week.

A notice of Prof. Bush's Statement of Reasons, &c., was put into the printer's hands for this week but is crowded out till another week. Several other communications as well as some remarks of our own have fared in the same way.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE AREA OF FREEDOM. Iowa and Wisconsin are now members of the family of the United States. In respect to territory, these two States will contribute largely to the "area of freedom." Wisconsin contains about 50,000 square miles, and Iowa is still larger, having an area of nearly 60,000 square miles. The aggregate area of all the New England States is only 65,000, in round numbers. Both Iowa and Wisconsin together are but little more than half as large as Texas, their elder sister, which added at least 200,000 square miles to organized territory of the Union. Florida added about 60,000 more. The aggregate area of the United States is now nearly 1,300,000 square miles. Iowa and Wisconsin are glorious States—more glorious for being forever secured against the pestilence of slavery. They are rich in natural resources, and, to use a western expression, they are "bound" to take rank at an early day, among the most populous States of the Union. Iowa is bounded, 250 miles on the Mississippi river, and 170 on the Missouri. The line of Wisconsin runs on Lake Michigan and Green Bay more than 300 miles, on Lake Superior 100, and on the Mississippi about 200. [Boston Trav.

MAKING HIMSELF USEFUL. A student in Western Reserve College, who has been there in various stages of education for nine years, has supported himself by grafting, inoculating, and otherwise introducing choice fruits, and has, in fact, revolutionized and luxuriated all the towns round. That man will make himself a living any where, and not be dependant upon charity for assistance. [Newark D. Adv.

THE ARTESIAN WELL AT EAST BOSTON, which has been in progress for some time past has now been sunk 270 feet. The workmen are now progressing at the rate of twelve or fifteen feet in 24 hours. The drill is worked by steam power, and is to be kept in motion from this date, night and day, until the required depth is reached or an ample supply of water is obtained. The contractors are sanguine that they can bore as great a depth in 200 days by means of their apparatus, as it required 9 years to attain at Grenelle, France, by hand power. The design of this undertaking is to provide an abundant supply of good water for the inhabitants of East Boston. [Traveller.

AN EXTRAORDINARRY "CHATTEL." The New Orleans papers advertise for sale a woman named "Adele," 24 years of age, with an infant child. The advertisement sums up her good qualities as follows:

The servant comes under the best of characters and recommendations, first rate Creole Washer and Ironer, Seamstress, Nurse and good Cook, speaks French and English, and has been raised in a respectable family, and sold for no fault.

"Adele" is probably one of those "helpless beings who cannot take care of themselves."

The Rev. Mr. Slafter was instituted as rector of St. John's Church, Jamaica Plain, on Sunday morning last, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Eastburn. Morning prayer was read by Rev. Mr. Wildes, and the Rev. Drs. Eaton and Boyle, of this city, assisted in the administration of the holy communion. The sermon was preached by the Bishop.

We find the following in the Rochester Democrat of 26th ult. It will give information (not very satisfactory however) asked for in our last paper.

CAUTION. A young man of light complexion and sandy hair, of about five feet height, is now soliciting aid at the East under the name of *Alfred Holley*, and the pretence of having been robbed on his passage from Rochester. He professes to know me and my family, to be a member of my society and a teacher of my Sunday School, to reside in Rochester, and to be desirous to return here; for which he has repeatedly received an abundant supply of money.

I have only to say, that no such person is, or has been known to me, or to my friends in Rochester: that the young man has already received money enough for a trip to England: finally, that the Police had better look into the matter.

FREDERIC W. HOLLAND

RAFTING TIMBER DOWN TO THE RHINE &C. The trees composing the rafts are the produce of the forests which cover the remote hills and mountains traversed by the Rhine and its tributaries,—the Neckar, the Murg, the Main, the Mosel, etc., etc. They are first hurled down, in single logs, from the almost inaccessible heights where they have grown, and have been felled, and are committed to some rushing mountain rivulet, whenever its waters, swelled by rain or melting snow, suffice to float them. If the tree escape unshattered from the rocks against which it is dashed by the stream, it is caught, bound together with other logs, and again set afloat, till it is conveyed by the tributary rivulet into the recipient river, and reaches other stations on its banks, where it is again enlarged, and entrusted to the care of boatmen to navigate. It may thus bear the same motto as the snow-ball, *vires acquirit eundo*, until, on reaching the lower part of the Rhine, it is carefully built into one prodigious fabric, which is then navigated to Dortrecht, and sold. These constructions have the appearance of a floating village, composed of eight or ten little wooden huts, on a large platform of oak and deal timber. The rowers and workmen sometimes amount to 400 and 500, superintended by pilots, and a proprietor, whose habitation is superior in size and elegance to the rest. The captain places himself upon a raised platform or stage, from which he can survey the float from end to end, and direct, by words and signs its movements. It is steered and impelled by a quadruple row of rowers, fore and aft, under whose sturdy strokes the vast fabric bends and twists like a snake, especially when passing near dangerous eddies, and narrow straits, such as are met with in the Rhine under the Lurley Berg, and the Binger Loch. The raft is composed of several layers of trees, placed one on the other, and tied together; a large raft draws not less than six or seven feet of water. Several smaller ones are attached to it, by way of protection, besides a string of boats, loaded with anchors and cables, and used for the purpose of sounding the river, and going on shore. The domestic economy of an East Indiaman, or an English man of war, is hardly more complete. The boatmen are often accompanied by their wives and families; poultry, pigs, and other animals are to be found on board—and several butchers are attached to the suite. A well-supplied boiler is at work night and day in the kitchen; the dinner hour is announced by a basket stuck on a pole, at which signal the pilot gives the word of command, and the workmen run from all quarters to receive their messes. The consumption of provision in the voyage to Holland is almost incredible; sometimes amounting to 20,000 or 30,000 lbs. of bread; 10,000 or 12,000 lbs. of fresh, besides a quantity of salted meat; and butter, vegetables, etc., in proportion. The expenses are so great, that a large capital is necessary to undertake a raft. Their navigation is a matter of considerable skill, owing to the abrupt windings, the rocks, and shallows of the river; and some years ago the secret was thought to be monopolized by a boatman of Rudesheim and his sons.

ANIMAL FLOWER. Reader, it is not of pretty ladies that we speak! They *are* animal flowers, and pretty *poseys* they are to be sure. They beautify the earth, and make it pleasant to endure life. On the island of St. Luce there is a cavern in which is a large basin twelve or fifteen feet deep, at the bottom of which are rocks.—From these rock proceed certain substances that present at first sight beautiful flowers, resembling our marigolds, only that their tint is more lively. These seeming flowers on the approach of a hand or instrument, retire like a snail, out of sight! On a close examination there appears in the middle of a disk, filaments resembling spiders eggs, which move briskly round a kind of petals. The filaments or legs have pincers to seize their prey, when the petals close, so that it cannot escape. Under this flower is the body of an animal, and it is probable he lives on marine insects thrown by the sea into this basin.

THE "GREAT WEST." No part of the world presents such a magnificent spectacle of internal communication, by means of navigable rivers, as the Western, or what will one day be the *central* portion of our Republic. The Mississippi, the parent stream, is navigable for steamboats three thousand miles; the Missouri about the same distance above its junction with the Mississippi; the Ohio twenty-five hundred; the Tennessee fifteen hundred; the Arkansas fifteen hundred; and the Red River one thousand. In addition to these are the Cumberland, the Wabash, the Illinois, the Miami, the Muskingum, and others, which flow at last into the same mighty channel, and have an average navigation for steamboats of at least five hundred miles. Notwithstanding the strife of eastern cities for the western trade, New Orleans must some day become the grand commercial mart for the innumerable cities and villages which are almost daily springing up on the banks of these mighty streams. Railways and canals may partially divert the tide of commerce for a time, but they cannot always turn it from its natural channel. So far as mortal eye can see, or human probability teach, New Orleans must one day become one of the greatest cities in the world, and in her lap be garnered up the wealth of the largest and most productive "valley" of the universe. [Mail.

SCRAPS OF USEFUL INFORMATION. In looking over the expenditures of the British Government, for 1835, we find that about $20,000,000 were paid to 114,752 non-effective men in the Army, Navy and Ordnance Department, embracing probably, half pay officers and other pensioners. The expenditures during the same year, for the Civil Government, including all allowances to the several branches of the Royal Family, and to the King of the Belgians; for the establishment of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; salaries and expenses of both Houses of Parliament, including printing; for the whole Judiciary Department, including the expenses of the Police and Criminal Prosecutions, and all the salaries and superannuation allowances to foreign ministers and consuls, and for all other pension and annuities on the civil list, did not amount to $13,000,000!! *seven millions of dollars* a year less than the sum paid to these *non-effective do-nothing men* connected with the British Army and Navy. There are 363 Judges in the United Kingdom, whose salaries amount to $1,785,022 per annum. Nor are they *non-effective* men in their department, but men that honor the British name and give dignity to human laws throughout Christendom. Yet, for all their profound learning and assiduous labor, they do not receive in eleven years what is paid in one to the *do-nothings* of the British Army and Navy! E. B.

Worcester, Dec 6, 1845.

TOMATO RECIPES. *Tomato Jam.* Stew tomatoes and rub them through a sieve; then add the same weight in sugar, and stew away to the usual consistence of Jam.

Tomato Preserve. Take good ripe tomatoes peel and boil them and preserve them with good brown or loaf sugar, or with molasses. If not peeled they burst, and do not so well retain their consistency.

Tomato Catsup. One gallon skinned Tomatoes, 4 table spoons of salt, 4 do. black pepper, 2 do. allspice, 8 do. mustard seed, 8 pods red pepper. These articles to be bruised fine and simmered slowly in a pint of vinegar three hours; then strained through a hair sieve. To be stewed down to half a gallon of Catsup.

Tomato Figs. Scald and remove the skin, in the usual way, add six pounds of sugar to one peck of fruit, cook them over the fire, use no water, until the sugar penetrates and they are clarified. Then spread them on dishes and flatten and dry in the sun. Spread a little syrup over them occasionally, as they are drying. When dry, pack down in boxes, adding some powdered sugar to each layer. They will keep long, and retain their flavor. The syrup that remains should be concentrated and bottled for use.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE. The Board of Regents of the "Smithsonian Institution" have adjourned to meet again in Washington on the 30th of next November. The subject of a plan for an edifice for the Institution was referred to a committee, and another committee was appointed to consider and report a system or plan for carrying out most completely, and most in conformity with the presumed intentions of Mr. Smithson, the great object expressed by the words of his will "the increased and diffussion of knowledge among men."

GREAT SIZE AND LONGEVITY OF TREES. We learn from a late number of the North American Review, that there are cypresses in Mexico, whose ages vary from 2,390 to 4,024 years, at the minimum estimate of scientific calculations; at the maximum, from 3,480 to 5,124 years, or almost coeval with the creation. These calculations are based upon the inspection of the layers of the wood as compared with the known age and relative growth of smaller trees of the same species. The growth of the cypress of Montezuma is forty-five feet. That of the giant cypress of Santa Maria del Thule, the Nestor of the race, is, near the base, one hundred and twenty-two feet, or forty feet in diameter. Its height is not given, but the tree as yet shows no signs of decay.

The Pinus Duglasi attains an altitude of from 200 to 300 feet; one specimen measured by Lewis and Clark gave 318.

HOW THEY MANAGE IN THE COPPER REGION. The Company framers first catch an Engineer, at a cost of from $500 to $1000 per annum; with him they commence exploration. Having with the aid of the Engineer, found the *metalic twig*, or location indicating copper, they then go to the land office and take generally, three miles square of land upon a lease of three years, with stipulation of a renewal of nine years more. Next, the Engineer, with a few laborers, and a few knowing affidavit makers as witnesses, commence digging, and after some manœuvres, rich pieces are *turned up*. The rich mine is now discovered! It is christened the "Wild-goose Mine." Affidavits are prepared, and a stock company formed with 3,000 shares, at $100 each. The original proprietors or projectors, retain half the stock, and offer to sell the remainder, to be paid for in instalments of $5 and $10 each; the proprietors only taking 25 per cent as the price of the lease and mine advantages. On the payment of the fifth instalment, the mine is discovered to have failed—the copper vein to be exhausted—Director sloped—President gone to Texas.

STATE MANUAL LABOR SCHOOL. At the last session of the Legislature a resolve was passed, by which the Governor was empowered to appoint a Board of three Commissioners, to select and procure an eligible site for a Manual Labor School, for the employment, instruction and reformation of juvenile offenders. They were also to procure plans and estimates for the necessary buildings; prepare a system of laws for the government of the institution; ascertain what laws would be necessary to put it in successful operation, and report the result to the Governor before the next session.

The Commissioners appointed under this resolve were, Robert Rantoul of Beverly, Alfred D. Foster of Worcester, and Samuel H. Walley, Jr. of Roxbury. After extensive inquiries, they have fixed upon the farm of Lovell Peters, in the north part of Westborough, about two miles from the village, and near the Northborough line. It contains nearly 200 acres of excellent land, abounds in fruit, and is situated on the north side of Chauncery Pond, a beautiful sheet of water, which it overlooks. The situation is one of the most delightful any where to be found, and easy of access. It was purchased, as we understand, for $9000. [Trav.

PROSPERITY OF NORTHAMPTON. It is stated in the Northampton Gazette, that during the last eighteen or twenty months, *forty-two* houses, some of them large and expensive, have been built in that town.

ALBANY FESTIVAL.

Notice is hereby given to the Friends of the Albany Society that its contemplated Festival is postponed until the first week in November. An extended opportunity is thus given to aid that undertaking so important to its interests.

Articles either useful or ornamental will be acceptable; and if each of our friends will prepare but *one*, the aggregate will be all we can desire.

Articles may be left with Mrs. F. T. Gray, Mrs. J. F. Clarke, Mrs. Stephen Fairbanks, Mrs. Francis Manning, or Mrs. B. H. Greene, Boston; Mrs. S. B. Hall, or Mrs. I. Osgood, Providence; Mrs. H. W. Bellows, New York; or sent to Albany, directed to Rev. H. F. Harrington.

H. F. H.

*** We would call the attention of scattered Unitarians, in Western Central New York, to the fact that Rev. Mr. Holland at Rochester, keeps for sale at wholesale prices, for the promotion of liberal Christianity, copies of our most interesting recent publications, such as CHANNING'S Works at $2 50, WARE, PEABODY, OBERLIN, &c., which will be forwarded in any direction, with a gratuitous supply of tracts, on the receipt of the money. A brother purchasing a copy of each work, will be presented with a bound set of the Unitarian Advocate.

FALL RIVER. We understand that on the last Sabbath Rev. Mr. Ware of Fall River tendered his resignation as a minister of the Unitarian Society in that place.

☞ IRISH PROTESTANT DISSENTING CHURCH. The Rev J. Fisher, recently from the North of Ireland, and formerly of the Synod of Ulster, will preach in the Hall in Purchase street, lately vacated by the Episcopal Society, commencing on Sabbath next, Oct 4th, at the usual hours of public worship, and continuing for successive Sabbaths. With the Divine blessing, it will be the endeavor of the Preacher to gather a new congregation of Irish and other Dissenters, many of whom are not at present connected with any of the regular congregations of this city. The Irish Protestants in particular are desirous of having one of their own native Preachers, whose sympathies and views are more in accordance with their own. All are invited to attend. o3

☞ NOTICE! The Middlesex Sunday School Society will hold its next Annual Meeting in Brighton, on the second Wednesday (14th) of October. The services will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. The annual Report and discussion of teachers in the forenoon, and a Sermon and Addresses in the afternoon. All the friends of the cause are invited to attend.

o5 B. FROST, Sec'y.

☞ THE MIDDLESEX NORTH ASSOCIATION will hold their next meeting at the Rev Mr White's, in Littleton, on Wednesday, Oct 14, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

N. B. The brethren will please observe that the time is changed from the adjournment.

o3 JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

☞ AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION. The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association has removed to No 56 Pearl street. a29

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Monday evening, by Rev Dr Young, Mr George Hazeltine to Miss Margaret Farrell, both of Boston.

29th ult, at the Bowdoin street Church, by Rev Mr Waterbury, Mr Alvan Brooks to Miss Mary T. Taylor.

In Brighton, on Thursday morning, by Rev Mr Whitney, Elijah Clark, Esq. to Mrs Sarah C. Weston.

In North Chelsea, 27th inst, by Rev Norwood Damon, Mr David Higgins of Malden, to Miss Mary B. Stowers, daughter of Joseph Stowers, Esq. of North Chelsea.

In Charlestown, 24th ult, in the First Baptist Church by Rev Mr Childs, Mr Joshua C. Collins to Miss Elizabeth A. Carter.

In Salem, Thursday evening by Rev. Dr. Flint, Mr. George N. Ropes to Miss Precilla L. daughter of Capt. Benj. Upton.

In Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Edson, Rev. Chas. Chauncy Shackford, late of Burlington, Iowa, to Miss Martha G. daughter of Mr Wait Bartlett, of Granby.

In Taunton, 29th ult., by Rev Mr Lee, Nathaniel Morton, Esq., to Miss Harriet, daughter of Hon Francis Baylies.

In Kingston, 27th ult, Rev Joseph Peckham to Miss Mary Homer Russell.

At Andover, 24th ult, by Rev Henry Waterman, Mr Franklin Darracott, of Boston, to Miss Julia M. Marland, of A.

In Worcester, 24th ult., at the American Temperance House, by Rev Mr Porter, Mr Joel Collier to Miss Jemima Brown, of Oxford.

In Lancaster, Mr Luke Eddy to Miss Amanda Holt.

In Northboro', Mr Lyman H. Balcom, of Boston, to Miss Electa Southwick.

In Shrewsbury, 23d ult, by Rev Mr Richards of New England Village, Mr Solomon S. Bigelow of Worcester to Miss Julia Nelson.

In Haverhill, Mr Lorenzo Sargent to Miss Lucy A. Hammond.

DEATHS.

In this city, 25th ult, Mrs. Mary, wife of Samuel Foster, and daughter of Ezra Palmer, 23.

22d inst. John Redman, 62.

27th ult, Mr. David Nelson, 34.

On Monday, Mrs Elizabeth, wife of Mr J. G. Bicknell, 30.

On Saturday morning, Miss Olive S. Jameson, 23.

In Cambridgeport, 25th ult., Mrs Almira P. wife of Mr Moses B. Houghton, and daughter of Gardiner Pollard, Esq, of Lancaster, 36.

In Weymouth, 5th ult, Lucinda, youngest child of Mr Jacob French.

In Clinton Place, N. J., Mrs Martha F. Torrey, daughter of William Fessenden, Esq., of Sandwich, Mass.

In Cambridge, 28th ult., Dorcas, wife of John Pear, and daughter of the late Isaac Smith, Charlestown, 50.

In Rutland, 23d ult., Mr Jonas Stone, a pensioner of the revolution, 94.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. The subscriber, having removed his School from the Masonic Temple, continues it at No 45 Chesnut street.—The course of study pursued in the School embraces the common and higher branches of English, with Latin, French and Drawing. The greatest care is taken that all pupils become thoroughly grounded in the simple and elementary subjects which constitute the basis of a sound Education. Admission may be made from the age of 10 years and upwards. Drawing and French are taught by masters of much experience and success. The subscriber may be seen at his rooms, every day except Saturday, from 2 to 5 P. M.

CORNELIUS M. VINSON, A. M.

Reference, by permission, is respectfully made to Rt. Rev. Manton Eastburn, D.D.; Rev. A. H. Vinton, D.D.; Rev. Wm. M. Rogers; Winslow Lewis, Jr., M. D.; Wm. B. Fowle, Esq.—Boston.

Rev. John Codman, D. D., Dorchester.

Rev. John A. Albro; Professor Channing; Professor Beck; Professor Felton—Cambridge.

o3 eopis5t

THE CHILD'S FRIEND, No. 1, Vol 7. For October.

—CONTENTS—

Letters to a Young Friend,
How to have a Pleasure,
Song of the Blind Flower Girl,
The Name of Reproach,
Phanuel,
To Allan Cunningham,
A Letter to Frank,
The Madonna,
Angel Children, No IV,
We're Brethren A',
How Silint Eloy was cured of Vanity,
Little Things,
Child's Hymn,
Christianity.

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—CONTENTS—

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Thoughts on the Doctrine of Original Sin;
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Designed Effect of Christianity;
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BOARDING SCHOOL.—SANDWICH COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. The Fall Quarter will open on Monday, the 5th of October, under the continued charge of Mr. Wooster. Applications for admission, should be made as early as practicable.

F. FREEMAN.

Sandwich, Mass. Sept. 9, 1846. 4wis s19

INFORMATION is wanted at this office, as to the whereabouts of E. D. BARRY, of Ireland, who passed through this city a few weeks since, professedly on his way to Meadville, Penn.

Also, respecting A. HOLLEY, who has lately been soliciting aid in this city and neighborhood. s26

AMERICAN ALMANAC. In press, and will shortly be issued, The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, Vol 18, for 1847, published on entirely new type, and superior to the previous volumes.

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TRACTS OF THE A. U. A.—Nos 229 and 230. A Brief Statement of Reasons for Declining to receive the Doctrine of the Trinity, by Rev John Cordner. Being Tract of the A. U. A. for August. Price 4

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

UTILITY.

Far down in ocean's depth profound
The peerless pearl doth shine,
Which never diver yet hath reached,
Or can the means divine.

And by yon blue stream's crystal source
Opes the wild tender flower
In radiant beauty to the sun,
Though short-lived is its hour.

And o'er you concave arch above,
Behold the rainbow hung;
Charming the eye for beauty formed,
The murky clouds among.

"Yet *what the use*," asks sordid man,
"The gem of hidden pride!
And *what the value* of the flower
That skirts the river's side?

They raise no shelter for his head,
Or raiment meet provide;
Nor help in any way to swell
Of wealth the efficient tide"—

Ah, child of earth! contemn no more
What you cannot define;
And question not the purpose of
The forming Hand divine.

Beauty has triumph o'er the heart
Wherever felt or seen,
But most in the redeeming power
Of *moral worth*, I ween. CILLA.

TO THE UNSATISFIED.

BY H. W., OF PORTLAND, MAINE.

Why thus longing, why forever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained and dim;
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn!

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearning it would still;
Leaf, and flower, and laden bee are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor, indeed, thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world, through weal and wo.

Not by deeds that win the world's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world renown,
Nor by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain tops adorning,
Robes you fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But with fervent love, if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine!

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her thirsting child she fondly flings.

[Friends' Intelligencer.

BURIAL OF A VENITIAN LADY OF RANK IN A GONDOLA.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

We bear her home! we bear her home!
Over the murmuring salt sea foam;
One who has fled from the war of life,
From sorrow, pain, and the fever strife!

Noble and young and fair was she,
Who saileth with us on the moonlit sea.
How gentle she looked! how softly spoke,
And loved so well, but her heart was broke.

So we bear her along to her marble halls,
(Where now no delicate footstep falls)
To the bier where a thousand torches shine,
The last of a proud and ducal line!

The city is gay and the laugh is loud,
But the moon has put on her silver shroud;
The revel is mad—but we—*but we*
Are alone with the dead on the lonely sea.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ISAAC T. HOPPER AND REFORMED CONVICTS.

The August Number of the Democratic Review contains an article on the subject of Prison Discipline. In the course of the article, the meetings of the Prison Association of New York are noticed. The following extract may be found interesting:

The first meeting closed with two resolutions, offered by Isaac T. Hopper, in support of Article 3, in favor of reformed convicts; this also closes the first Report. This gentleman belongs to the Society of Friends. All were prepared for the expression of kind and benevolent sentiments, but scarcely for his impressive and merciful appeal in favor of this unfortunate class of persons. But though we are ignorant of it, Mr. Hopper's character seems to have been well understood by many of his audience, who greeted him with warm and repeated cheers; after apologetically stating his motives for addressing the meeting, he related the following "anecdotes," the results of his personal experience while Inspector of the Prison in Philadelphia, illustrative of the good effects of kindness to criminals. We shall make no apology for presenting our readers with several of these "anecdotes"—and expressing our admiration of the spirit which prompted them, and the naivete and unpretending eloquence with which they are related.—Such "anecdotes" cherish by example those generous impulses which lead us to put a more charitable construction on the actions and characters even of the fallen and guilty;—they show how much virtue may be controlled by accident;—they teach us the value of kindness, and the beneficent tendencies of these humane associations, and the power which all possess of promoting the welfare of their fellow men.

Mr. Hopper said:

"He trusted the apparent ogetism would be excused, because his motive in speaking in his name was merely to give authenticity to the anecdotes, and to aid a good cause by the testimony of his own experience.

"Mary Norris, a middle aged woman, who had been frequently re-committed to prison, on one occasion begged me to intercede for her, that she might go out. 'I am afraid thou wouldst come back again soon,' said I.

"'Very likely; I *expect* to be brought back soon,' she answered.

"'Then where will be the use of letting thee out!'

"'I should like to go out,' said she. 'It would seem good to feel free a little while, in the open air and the sunshine.'

"'But if thou enjoyest liberty so much, why dost thou allow thyself to be brought back again?'

"'How can I help it? When I go out of prison, nobody will employ me. No respectable people will let me come into their houses. I must go to such friends as I have. If they steal, or commit other offences, I shall be taken up with them. Whether I am guilty or not, is of no consequence; nobody will believe me innocent. They will say, 'she is an old convict—send her back to prison—that is the best place for *her*.'—O yes, I expect to come back soon. There is no use in my trying to do better."

"It touched my feelings to hear her speak thus; and I said 'but if I could obtain steady employment for thee, where thou wouldst be treated kindly, and be paid for thy services, wouldst thou really try to behave well?'"

"Her countenance brightened, and she eagerly replied, 'Indeed I would.'

"I used my influence to procure her dismissal and succeeded in obtaining a good place for her, as a head nurse in a hospital for the poor. She remained there more than seventeen years, and discharged the duties of her situation so faithfully, that she gained the respect and confidence of all who knew her.

"James Gilman lived in the neighborhood of Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He was a revengeful character; and having a grudge against one of his neighbors, he induced his two sons, one about fifteen, and the other about seventeen years of age, to accuse him of an infamous crime; The two lads testified before the Grand Jury. but the crime alledged was of so gross a nature and was so at variance with the fair character of the individual, that the witnesses were subjected to a very shrewd and careful examination. They became embarrassed, and flaws were discovered in their evidence; in consequence of which, they were indicted for conspiracy; and being taken by surprise, were thrown into confusion, pleaded guilty, and declined the offer of a trial.

"Before the Court adjourned, they were sentenced to two years imprisonment, at hard labor in the Penitentiary of Philadelphia. I was at that time one of the Inspectors of that institution and happened to be there when they arrived at dusk, handcuffed and chained together, in custody of the Sheriff.

"Their youth and desolate appearance affected my feelings. I tried to speak to them as a kind father would speak to erring sons. 'Be of good heart, my poor lads,' said I: 'you can retrieve this one false step, if you will but make the effort. It is still in your power to become respectable and useful men. I will help you all I can.'

"I gave particular directions that they should be placed in a room by themselves, apart from the contagion of those more hardened in vice; and to prevent unprofitable conversation, they were employed in the noisy business of heading nails.

"From time to time I spoke encouraging words to them, and commended their good behavior. When the Board of Inspectors met, I proposed that the lads should be recommended to the Governor for pardon. Not succeeding in my efforts, I wrote an article on the impropriety of confining juvenile offenders with old convicts, and published it in the daily papers. This had the desired effect. When the Board met, Thomas Dobson and myself were appointed to wait on the Governor, to obtain a pardon for the lads, if possible. After considerable hesitation, the request was granted; on condition that worthy men could be found who would take them as apprentices.

I took the responsibility of providing suitable places, and succeeded in binding one to a respectable turner, and the other to a carpenter. I told them they were now going among strangers, and their happiness and success must depend mainly on their own conduct. They might perhaps, at times, be exposed to unprofitable company; but if they should at any time get into difficulty, I begged them to come to me, as they would to a considerate father. I invited them to spend all their leisure evenings at my house; and for a long time it was their constant practice to take tea with us on First Day Evening, and join the family in reading the Scriptures, and other instructive books.

"At the end of the year they expressed a strong desire to visit their father. Some fears were entertained lest his influence upon them should prove injurious; and that, when once freed from restraint, they would not willingly return to constant industry and regular habits. They, however, promised faithfully, that they would; and I gave bonds for them, merely for the sake of strengthening their good resolutions. They returned punctually, at the day and the hour they had promised; and their exemplary conduct continued to give entire satisfaction to their employers.

"A short time after the oldest lad became free, the turner with whom he worked purchased a farm, and sold his stock and tools to his former apprentice. Dressed in his new suit of freedom clothes, I took him to the Governor's house, and introduced him as one of the lads whom he had pardoned several years before; testifying that he had been a faithful apprentice, and much respected by his master. The Governor was much pleased to see him, shook him by the hand very cordially, and told him that he who was resolute to turn back from vicious ways, into the paths of virtue and usefulness, deserved even more respect than he who had never been tempted.

"He afterwards married a worthy young woman, with a small property, which enabled him to build a neat two story brick house. They lived in great comfort and respectability; he always retaining the character of a sober, industrious man.

"The other brother passed through his apprenticeship very creditably; and at twenty-one years of age, I likewise introduced him to the Governor, with testimonials of his good conduct. He was united to a very respectable young woman; but died six or seven years after his marriage.

"I have aided and encouraged, I should think, as many as fifty young culprits, by means similar to those I have mentioned; and it is a great satisfaction to me to be able to state to you, that only two of these turned out badly.

"Patrick McKever was a poor Irishman, who lived in Philadelphia many years ago. He was arrested on a charge of burglary, convicted, and sentenced to be hung. I am ignorant of the details of his crime, or the causes that led to it. But there were, probably, some palliating circumstances; for when brought, seated on his coffin, in the death cart, to the foot of the gallows, in company with another criminal, he was reprieved; and the other was hung. His sentence was changed to ten years' imprisonment, and this was eventually shortened one year.

"During the last three years of his term, I was one of the inspectors of the prison, and I frequently talked with him in a friendly, fatherly manner. He was a man of few words, and his hope seemed to have all died out; but I soon saw that his feelings were touched by kindness.

"After his release, he immediately went to work at his trade, which was that of a tanner, and conducted himself in the most sober and exemplary manner. Being remarkable for capability, and the amount of work he could perform, he soon had plenty of employment. He passed my house every day, as he went to his work, and I often spoke to him in a friendly and cheering manner.

"Things were going on thus satisfactorily, when I heard that constables were out after Patrick, on account of a robbery committed the night before. I went straightway to the Mayor, and inquired why orders had been given to arrest Patrick McKever. "Because there has been a robbery committed in his neighborhood," replied the Mayor. "What proof is there that he was concerned in it?" "None at all; but he is an old convict; and that is enough to condemn him." "It is not enough, by any means, replied I. "Thou hast no right to arrest a citizen without a shadow of proof against him; and in this case I advise thee, by all means, to proceed with humane caution. This man has atoned severely for the crime he did commit; and since he wishes to reform, the fact ought never to be mentioned against him. He has been perfectly upright, sober, and industrious, ever since he came out of prison. I think I know his state of mind; and I am willing to take the responsibility of saying that I believe him guiltless in this matter.

"The Mayor commended my benevolence, but was by no means convinced. To all arguments, he replied, "He is an old convict; and that is enough.'

"I watched for Patrick, as he passed to his daily labors, and told him that the constables were after him for the robbery that had been committed. The poor fellow hung his head, and the light vanished from his countenance. "Well," said he, with a deep sigh, "I must make up my mind to spend the rest of my days in prision." I looked earnestly in his face, and said, "Thou wert not concerned in this robbery, wert thou?'

"'No, indeed, I was not. God be my witness, I want to lead an honest life, and live in peace with all men. But what good will *that* do me! Everybody will say, he has been in the State Prison, and that's enough.'

"I did not ask him twice; for I felt assured that the poor man had spoken the truth. I advised him to go directly to the Mayor, deliver himself up, and declare his innocence. This advice was received with deep despondency. He had no faith in his fellow-men. "I know what will come of it," says he, "They will put me into prison, whether there is any proof against me or not; they will not let me out without somebody will be security for me; and nobody will be security for an old convict.'

"'Don't be discouraged,' said I. 'Go to the Mayor and speak as I have advised. If they talk of putting thee in prison, send for me. I will stand by thee."

"Patrick did accordingly. In the absence of anything like a shadow of proof, his being an old convict' was deemed sufficient reason for sending him to jail.

"I appeared in his behalf. 'I am ready to affirm,' said I, 'that I believe this man is innocent. It will be a very serious injury to him to be taken from his business, until such time as this can be proved; and moreover, the effects upon his mind may be most discouraging. I will be security for his appearance when called; and I know very well that he will not give me the slip.'

"The gratitude of the poor fellow was overwhelming. He sobbed until his strong frame shook.

"The real culprits were soon after discovered. Patrick, until the day of his death, continued to lead a virtuous and useful life.

"A young man whom I will call B., was comely in his person, witty and gay, and very fond of company. His means were too limited to enable him to appear as well as his companions, and he had not resolution enough to deny himself the indulgences which they could command. Tempted by vanity and extravagance, and hoping to avoid discovery, he opened the desk of a person with whom he resided, and stole from it one hundred and thirty-five dollars. The sum was soon missed, and though his character had stood fair for integrity, circumstances were so much against him, that he became an object of suspicion. He was closely watched, and was frequently observed to be confused and embarrassed in his appearance. At last, his employer openly charged him with the robbery. He denied it at first, but being brought before a magistrate, he confessed his guilt, and told where the money could be found. His parents were in humble life, but much esteemed by their neighbors. Some of their friends visited the unhappy young man in prison, and found him exceedingly humble and penitent. He promised most faithfully to atone for his fault by an upright life, if he could only be forgiven for this one offence. These representations were made so earnestly to the prosecutor, that he finally united his influence with theirs to procure a discharge. The young man left the neighborhood, and ever after deported himself with the utmost correctness. I knew him in the latter part of his life. He was a truly excellent man, and taught one of the most respectable schools in Philadelphia. When the yellow fever raged in that city, he sympathized deeply with the sufferings of the poor. He ministered to their wants, and watched with them day and night; until at last he took the malady himself, and thus ended his earthly pilgrimage."

SEVERE TOIL OF ENGLISH OPERATIVES.

We extract the following affecting account, from a recent communication of ELIHU BURRIT, now in England, to the "Christian Citizen."

I was suddenly diverted from my contemplation of the magnificent scenery by a fall of heavy rain drops, as the prelude of an impending shower. Seeing a gate open, and hearing a familiar clicking behind the hedge, I stepped through into a little blacksmith's shop, about as large as an American smoke-house for curing bacon. The first object my eyes rested upon, was a full-grown man, nine years of age, and nearly three feet high, perched upon a stone of half that height, to raise his breast to the level of his father's anvil, at which he was at work, with all the vigor of his little short arms, making nails. I say a *full-grown* man, for I fear he can never grow any larger, physically or mentally. As I put my hand on his shoulder in a familiar way, to make myself at home with him, and to remove the timidity with which my sudden appearance seemed to inspire him, by a pleasant word or two of greeting, his flesh felt case-hardened into all the induration of toiling manhood, and as unsusceptible of growth as his anvil block. Fixed manhood had set in upon him in the greenness of his youth; and there he was, by his father's side, a stinted, premature *man*; with his childhood cut off; with no space to grow in between the cradle and the anvil block; chased, as soon as he could stand on his little legs, from the hearth-stone, by iron necessity, that would not let him stop long enough to pick up a letter of the English alphabet on the way. O, Lord John Russell think of it! Of this Englishman's son, placed by his mother, scarcely weaned, on a high cold stone, barefooted, before the anvil; there to harden, sear, and blister its young hands by heating and hammering ragged nailrods, for the sustenance her breast can no longer supply! Lord John! look at those nails, as they lie hissing on the block. Know you their meaning, use, or language? Please your lordship, let me tell you—I have made nails before now—*they are iron exclamation points*, which this unlettered, dwarfish boy is unconsciously arraying against you, against the British government, and the ministry of British literature, for cutting him off without a letter of the English alphabet, when printing is done by steam! for incarcerating him, for no sin on his parents side, but poverty, in a dark, six-by-eight prison of hard labor, a *youthless* being—think of it! an infant hardened, almost in its mother's arms, into a man, by toil, that blows the sturdiest of the world's laborers who come to manhood through intervening years of childhood!

The boy's father was at work with his back towards me when I entered. At my first word of salutation to the lad he turned round and accosted me a little baahfully, as if unaccustomed to the sight of strangers in that place, or reluctant to let them into the scene and secret of his poverty. I sat down upon one end of his nail-bench, and told him I was an American blacksmith by trade, and that I had come in to see how he got on in the world, whether he was earning pretty good wages at his business, so that he could live comfortably, and send his children to school. As I said this, I glanced inquiringly toward the boy, who was looking steadily at me from his stone stool by the anvil. Two or three little crock-faced girls, from two to five years of age, had stolen in timidly, and a couple of young frightened eyes were peering over the door sill at me. They all looked as if some task were daily allotted them in the soot and cinders of their father's forge, even to the sharp-eyed baby at the door. The poor Englishman—he was as much an Englishman as the Duke of Wellington—looked at his bushy headed, bare-footed children, and said softly with a melancholy shake of the head, that the times were rather hard with him. It troubled his heart, and many hours of the night he had been kept awake by the thoughts of it, that he could not send his children to school, nor teach them himself to read. They were good children, he said, with a moist yearning in his eyes; they were all the wealth he had, and he loved them the more the harder he had to work for them. The poorest part of the poverty that was on him, was that he could not give his children the letters. They were good children, for all the crock of the shop was on their faces, and their fingers were bent like eagles' claws with handling nails. He had been a poor man all his days, and he knew his children would be poor all their days, and poorer than he, if the nail business should continue to grow worse. If he could only give them the letters, or the alphabet as they called it, it would make them the like of rich; for then they could read the Testament. He could read the Testament a little, for he had learned the letters by fire-light. It was a good book, was the Testament; never saw any other book—heard tell of some in rich people's houses; but it mattered but little with him. The Testament, he was sure it was made for nailers and such like. It helped him wonderfully when the loaf was small upon his table. He had but little time to read it when the sun was up, and it took him long to read a little, for he learned the letters when he was old. But he laid it beside his dish at dinner time and fed his heart with it, while the children were eating the bread that fell to his share. And when he had spelt out a line of the shortest words, he read them aloud, and his eldest boy, the one on the block there, could say several verses he had learned in this way. It was a great comfort to think that Jeemes could take into his heart so many verses of the Testament which he could not read. He intended to teach all his children in this way. It was all he could do for them; and this he had to do at meal times; for all the other hours he had to be at his anvil. The nailing business was growing harder, he was growing old and his family large. *He had to work from four o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night to earn eighteen pence.* His wages averaged only about seven shillings a week; and there were five of them in the family to live on what they could earn. It was hard to make up the loss of an hour. Not one of their hands, however little, could be spared. Jemmy was going on nine years of age, and a hopeful lad he was; and the poor man looked at him doatingly. Jemmy could work off a thousand nails a day, of the smallest size. The rent of their little shop, tenement and garden, was five pounds a year; and a few pennies earned by the youngest of them was of great account.

But, continued the father, speaking cheerily, I am not the one that ought to complain. Many is the man that has a harder lot of it than I, among the nailers along these hills and in the valley. My neighbor in the next door could tell you something, about labor you may never have heard the like of in your country. He is an older man than I, and there are seven of them in his family, and, for all that, he has no boy like Jemmy here to help him. Some of his little girls are sickly, and their mother is not over strong, and it all comes on him. He is an oldish man, as I was saying yet he not only works eighteen hours every day at his forge, but *every Friday in the year he works all night long* and never lays off his clothes till late of Saturday night. A good neighbor is John Stubbins, and the only man just in our neighborhood who can read the newspaper. It is not often he gets a newspaper; for it is not the like of us that can have newspapers and bread, too, in our houses at the same time. But now and then he begs an old one, partly torn, at the baker's, and reads it to us of a Sunday night. So once in two or three weeks we hear something of what is going on in the world—something about corn-laws and the Duke of Wellington, and Otegon and India, and Ireland, and other places in England. We heard tell, awhile ago, that the poor people would not have to make so many nails for a loaf of bread much longer, because Sir Robert Peel, and some other men, were going to take off the port-locks and other taxes, and let us buy bread of them that could sell us the cheapest. When we heard this talked of, without knowing the truth of it, John Stubbins took a penny and went to the White Hart and bought a drink of beer, and then the land lady let him look into the newspaper which she keeps for her customers. When he came back, he told us a great deal of what was going on, and said he was sure the times would be better one of these days.

[We very gladly extract the following from the Recorder. We care little who has the credit of the work, provided only that it is done. In it we rejoice to follow or to lead, as our Orthodox brethren may choose.]

THE CHILDREN OF FOREIGNERS.

At a late meeting of the Teacher's Social Union in this city, composed, it is understood of the Sunday School teachers of the Unitarian churches, an important question was discussed, viz: "What is our duty in reference to the children of foreign and vicious parents"? The question had respect chiefly to the children of Catholics, and some valuable considerations were suggested. The chairman alluded to the practice of boys attending theatres, without the presence of their parents or guardians, as certain to demoralize their characters; and said, if some one could give facts in reference to such influence in vitiating the character of boys, he might be doing important service to the cause of virtue.

Another gentleman thought the object before the meeting was altogether beyond being accomplished by this Union, in its social capacity, and not strictly within its sphere of duties; yet, it certainly was important for Christian citizens individually to inquire, What is our duty in reference to the children of foreign and vicious parents! When he saw these foreigners coming in such multitudes upon our country, he was reminded of the hordes of barbarians pouring down upon ancient Rome; but they had come, and they would come—come with their religion, with their ignorance, and their vices. A judge of one of our courts had assured him, but a few days since, that nine-tenths of all the expenses of our criminal courts were occasioned by this class; and the highest charity to foreigners, he believed, was to let the law have its course—let them know that in this country law is supreme, and must be obeyed.

Another gentleman said, the evil contemplated in the subject under discussion, was of such magnitude, that one body of Christians alone could do nothing effectual for its remedy; if it was ever to be removed, all must engage in the work. The evil was greatly and rapidly increasing. Deacon Grant had remarked, he said, at the last meeting, that there were in this city, 1200 boys idle about the streets and bowling alleys, going to no school. If these discussions should arouse the public mind to a sense of this evil, and awaken it to effort, something would be done.

We agree with the last speaker, that this is a work for *all* to engage in. If Unitarians lead the way they should have the credit of it, but the work demands more labor and expense than they can bestow. No denomination has done what it could for the education and morals of our Catholic population. Duty to *them* as well as to ourselves requires that there should be combined wisdom and effort for the attainment of an object so great and difficult, and one which becomes more difficult by every day's neglect.

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